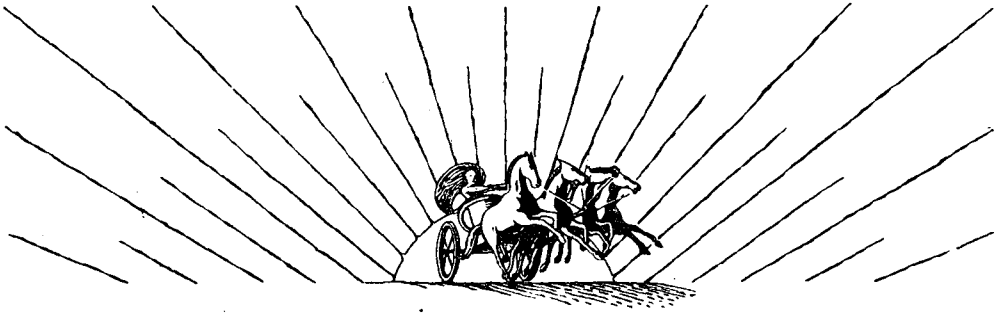

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

Asiatic Number

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

February 27, 1926

JAPAN AMONG HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS. How does Baron Shidehara define Japan's policy toward China? Where are Japan's rights in Manchuria chiefly threatened?

THE CASE AGAINST CHINESE NATIONALISM. What is the real cause of the anti-British agitation in China? Why are the Chinese not justified in raising this anti-British cry? What seems to be the Russian strategy here? What are the dangers of removing foreign control from China?

FOUR YEARS UNDER THE CRESCENT. What are some of the outstanding characteristics of the Turk? Why is he called the best soldier in the world? Discuss briefly these three points raised by Rafael de Nogales: (*a*), that the Arab must remain the vassal of the Turk, (*b*), that the Moslem world still believes that Christian Europe is its sworn enemy, and (*c*), that Mohammedanism is still a powerful force.

EAST AND WEST: THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE. What, in Mr. Standing's mind, is the 'one fundamental and all-inclusive difference' between Europe and Asia? How does this difference show itself in the ordinary customs of the inhabitants of India?

THE ART OF SARGENT. What are some of Sargent's limitations? In what does he excel? How does his work resemble that of Henry James? What is the Times Art Critic's final verdict on Sargent?

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Next Week

HOW I DISCOVERED AMERICA

By Christopher Columbus

While traveling through the Caribbean, Columbus kept a diary telling about the strange places he visited and the customs of the natives. This unique document has lately been reprinted in Germany, and we are presenting a new translation of it in next week's issue.

WHY I HAVE JOINED THE CONSERVATIVES

By Sir Alfred Mond

The former Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lloyd George's Cabinet has found his ex-chief's land policy on which the Liberal Party is taking a stand rather too much of a good thing. He has therefore bolted to the ranks of the Conservatives. His apologia is followed by a defense of the land policy, written by W. McG. Eagar.

THE PRESENT STATE OF POETRY *By Edwin Muir*

Although, as Bertrand Russell says, the genius of our generation has gone into science rather than literature, there are several poets whose work is characteristic of the times. Mr. Muir devotes himself chiefly to T. S. Eliot, Edith Sitwell, and Robert Graves.

THE LOVE STORY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE

By H. M. Forbes

When Alexander Selcraig, or Selkirk, the man from whom Defoe drew Robinson Crusoe, returned to his native village, he had a love affair with one of the local belles. — P.S. He got the girl and lived to regret it.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *FEBRUARY 27, 1926* — NO. 4260

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

BRITISH RECOVERY

BARRING only a serious industrial conflict, the *Spectator* thinks the prospect of trade improvement in Great Britain most heartening. To be sure, 'Unionism has to prove what is being proved in America — that Capitalism can produce a general well-being that is beyond the grasp and almost beyond the dreams of Socialism.' Nevertheless: —

There is hardly a trade in Great Britain which is not either expanding, or feeling that expansion is becoming possible. The chairmen of the great banks have been making their annual speeches, and the note of their speeches has been invariably hopeful. Within recent years these annual banking-speeches which scientifically survey the commercial condition of the country have become a feature of our public life. It is satisfactory to learn from them that optimism is no longer the prattle of those who make the wish father to the thought. If only both parties to the industrial contract will hold together and work together all will be well. Our recovery will be a certainty.

Employment conditions are improving decidedly, and the shock to business confidence when the country's enormous trade-deficit last year was announced has been lessened by fuller analysis of these statistics. The first impression that Great Britain was living on her capital, that her invisible exports did not compensate for the deficit in her physical exports, has been corrected on closer scrutiny, and apparently there is a balance, though not a large one, in her favor when earnings from investments and services as well as from the actual sale of goods are taken into account. Furthermore, an analysis of export statistics shows that losses were chiefly in coal, where the decrease was approximately one hundred million dollars; iron and steel, where the loss was thirty million dollars; and woolen and worsted manufactures, which declined by over forty million dollars. On the other hand, many other important items showed an increase. Moreover the entire addition to the adverse balance of trade occurred during the first half of the year, and was apparently associated with the restoration of the gold standard, which was expected to be a painful economic operation undertaken with a view to

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subsequent compensatory advantages.

Another reassuring factor in the situation is the *Economist's* analysis of industrial profits during 1925, which shows that 1490 companies whose accounts were analyzed earned in the aggregate 8.7 per cent more during 1925 than during the previous year. The total increase in their net earnings since 1922 has been over forty-six per cent. In other words, there has been a steady recovery since the depression accompanying the post-war price-deflation.

On the other hand, however, rates of wages have fallen markedly. According to the *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, the total decrease of industrial workers' wages during the past five years is over four million pounds sterling a week. The fact that this has occurred during a period when the aggregate profits of big business have increased over fifty per cent naturally makes political capital for the Labor Party. Coal output rose during the first half of January from four million tons to five and a half million tons a week, partly on account of the growing market in America occasioned by our coal strike. According to the listed returns, the number of unemployed the middle of January was fifty-four thousand less than at the corresponding date a year ago. More steel was consumed in Great Britain during 1925 than during the boom year of 1913. British bankers profess to be optimistic as to the future. A symposium of opinion of the chairmen of the leading financial institutions of London, published in the *Morning Post* at the end of January, contained many statements to the effect that British foreign trade was, upon the whole, holding its own and showing promises of improvement. Iron and steel producers and the engineering firms are especially active in foreign markets. Japan has placed heavy orders for rails in Great Britain; and large foreign orders for rolling stock and tin plate, the latter from America, are reported.

*

STRUGGLING CABINETS IN PARIS AND BERLIN

EXCEPT to students of political funambulism, the ministerial situation in Paris and Berlin presents little of immediate interest. The history of the past few weeks in both countries will doubtless clarify itself along rational lines after the event — if there is an event. At the last Socialist Congress in France a large section of the Party declared itself ready to collaborate with the Radicals and to appoint delegates to sit in a Radical cabinet under M. Briand or some of his colleagues; but a majority of the delegates insisted that a coalition was possible only in a cabinet predominantly Socialist, and that otherwise the cabinet must be exclusively Socialist, with Radicals lending their support from outside the Government. It is this intractability on the part of one Party that accounts largely for the apparent paralysis of legislation in France. But in justification of the Socialists it should be pointed out that the solutions proposed for the country's present financial crisis strike directly to the heart of the doctrines their Party has preached for years; and that a revision of the electoral law is in prospect in which the Socialists are vitally interested. In other words, if the Party shackles itself to a coalition cabinet, it may face the choice of incurring the opprobrium of withdrawing from the Government at an extremely critical moment, or of committing moral suicide.

A significant likeness exists between the situation in Paris and in Berlin, where Herr Luther's Cabinet also exists by sufferance, without the wholehearted confidence indispensable for

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vigorous parliamentary government. This Cabinet, too, in spite of its political weakness, may render services of the first order to the nation, especially if it carries Germany successfully into the League. In spite of all we hear about the Locarno spirit, however, the League has not facilitated Herr Luther's labors. Quite the contrary; it has supplied its own enemies — and Herr Luther's enemies — in Germany with ammunition. For example, at the December meeting the League Council appointed Dr. Van Hammel, who is notoriously pro-Polish and anti-German, High Commissioner for the Free City of Danzig, a post for which impartiality as between these two nations should be an imperative qualification. Furthermore, the Ambassadors Conference has decided to keep sixty thousand French, eight thousand British, and seven thousand Belgian soldiers in the Rhineland. This force is smaller than that hitherto maintained in the occupied area, but it adds twenty thousand men to the garrison of the second and third zones, which are the only zones remaining now that the Cologne district has been evacuated.

Luther's Cabinet, also, may be faced with the duty of drafting a new electoral law. For the present scheme of proportional representation is not satisfactory to anybody, least of all to the Parties of the Right and Centre. An interesting and perhaps not altogether insignificant feature of cabinet-building in Germany is the fact that Otto Gessler remains Minister of War, having held that post continuously in twelve successive cabinets.

*

FRANCE IN SYRIA

FRANCE apparently faces more trouble both in Morocco and in Syria than her reassuring dispatches indicate. When she sent Henry de Jouvenel, a publicist and editor of Radical-Liberal sympathies, to Syria as her civilian Resident-General, thereby replacing a military predecessor, this was not only a conciliatory gesture, but was also a step to the Left in her whole mandate policy. M. de Jouvenel offered concessions with one hand and presented inflexible demands with the other. He insisted that the natives surrender their arms. But the Druse are an agricultural people who need weapons to defend themselves from the forays of the desert Bedouins to the eastward. They are a feudal nation, moreover, and will not consent to place their chiefs in the power of foreigners. The new Resident-General's Western European device of holding an election, ostensibly to give the natives a voice in their government, was defeated by the opposition, both passive and violent, of the people themselves.

Whatever the ignorant masses may want, intelligent Syrians are probably resigned to the French mandate. They prefer it to exposure to Mussolini's expansionist ambitions; and even Mohammedan Arabs might choose it in preference to a resumption of Turkish rule. But they see the Kingdom of Irak and other neighboring British mandates inhabited by their own race enjoying liberal institutions and the promise of ultimate independence. They are well aware that many British opposed continuing the Irak mandate even for the limited period provided in the Mosul decision. Their leaders are eager for more administrative autonomy in order to copy some of the Angora reforms. Mohammedans also resent the special favors shown by France to the Lebanon Christians, whose district has already been given a degree of self-government.

Both parties are busily preparing for a renewal of hostilities. Arab officers who held high positions in the Turkish army during the World War are direct-

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ing the insurgent forces, which are said to be well armed, though not provided with modern war-materials. Meanwhile France is covering the country with military posts and is courting the friendship of the Turks, whose support might enable the Druse and their fellow insurgents to prolong guerilla warfare indefinitely. Last of all, the Wahabites have appeared on the scene. Altogether the possibility of a long, expensive, and possibly indecisive spring campaign faces France in Syria.

*

ENGLAND'S ITALIAN DEBT AGREEMENT

COUNT VOLPI'S success in compounding Italy's debt to Great Britain 'for an effective and clear four million pounds a year for sixty-two years,' to quote Mr. Churchill's summary, was not received with joy by British taxpayers. To be sure, press criticism of the settlement had a political temper and was confined largely to Opposition papers. The *Times* said in the Ministry's defense: 'It would be difficult to maintain that the terms are less favorable to Italy than those accorded by the United States, and the Italian delegates would not in fact have accepted the settlement if they had not been convinced that it was at least as favorable'; to which it complacently adds: 'This debt settlement is inspired by a clear British perception of the essential unity of the European peoples in the present condition of the world.' The *Morning Post* considered the agreement 'of happy augury,' because it tends to knit Europe closer together. Incidentally, this Tory organ is not averse to seeing new feathers in Mussolini's cap, and concluded a leader upon the subject with this effusive tribute to the debtor country:—

> Friendship between England and Italy is traditional. England, indeed, is built upon the massive foundation established by the Romans. In Italy sprang the source of Latin civilization, and the renewal of its waters was manifested in the Renaissance. We are not alone in looking forward to the time when no young man's education shall lack the completion of a sojourn in Italy, the ancient seat of the art of government, the home of all the arts.

On the other hand, the *Manchester Guardian* thought that the Italians did so well at London that they seemed 'to be keeping a straight face with difficulty'; and the *Westminster Gazette* declared of Mr. Churchill: 'Never have we been saddled with so bad and so stupid a negotiator. Italy owes us about a third more than she owes America, and she has consented to pay something less than four fifths of what she has agreed to pay that country.' The *New Statesman* characterized the terms of the settlement as extraordinary. 'The principal is not to be repaid to us at all. All Mr. Churchill is asking the Italians to do is to give us for sixty years about one sixth of the annual interest which the British taxpayer has to pay upon the money that we borrowed and lent to Italy.' It then proceeded to pay its compliments to the Premier as follows: 'Mr. Baldwin may be an "honest" man, but he has shown himself to be the most expensive luxury that the British taxpayer has ever had to pay for. To pay our debts and yet forgive our debtors puts us no doubt in a proud position in the world . . . but there is surely nothing admirable in the vicarious generosity which Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill are exercising at the expense of the poorest section of their fellow countrymen.'

Of the more conservative weeklies, the *Outlook* took the settlement philosophically. It admitted that British critics who protest against letting Italy pay only four shillings on the pound are right, but it opined that 'from the Treasury point of view we should be

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happy to get anything at all.' The *Saturday Review*, which stands by Mr. Baldwin's Government through thick and thin, congratulated Count Volpi on his success, but observed: 'In offering an annuity of under four and one-half millions a year, the Italian Government does not greatly relieve the British taxpayer; but for this Count Volpi is less to blame than Mr. Baldwin. Apparently honesty is not always the best policy, for Mr. Baldwin's honesty, when he went to America to fund our debt, has had unpleasant results. Not only did he agree to terms much more severe than those demanded of any other country, but he offended the other European debtor governments by settling the British debt to the United States without consulting them.'

✽

BELGIAN UNREST

The late disorders in Brussels had their origin in the determined effort made by the Cabinet to balance the budget by vigorous economies, particularly in the military establishment. The Belgian Fascism reported in the press resembles the military insurgency of Spain and Greece more than it does the reactionary agitation in Central Europe or Fascism in Italy. Essentially the conflict is between the Social Reform Parties, who want to devote a larger share of the public revenues to social-welfare objects, and the militarists, not necessarily in active military service, who want more money for the army. It has been proposed that the period of compulsory service be reduced to six months. In fact, the *Conseil Supérieur de la Défense Nationale* — it is said under political pressure — recommended this reduction, although a majority of its members are reported to believe personally that twelve months is the minimum length of service compatible with adequate defense. Therefore the Belgian crisis apparently turns upon differences of opinion regarding a single public measure, and not upon divergencies of view over the constitution of the government.

Paul Hymans, formerly Belgian Foreign Minister, and ex-President of the League Council, bitterly attacks the new army-plan, in *L'Indépendance Belge*, the organ of the Nationalist, pro-Gallic Liberals. A Minister of Defense and a Chief of the General Staff resigned as a protest against that plan; but it was carried upon the insistence of the Socialists. Hyman's 'Fascism' appears in his comment upon a statement by M. Destrée, a former Socialist minister, apropos of the army, to the effect that: 'It is the right of the masses, the divine right of the masses. The masses must decide. For if a blunder is made, they are the ones who will suffer.' To this M. Hymans says: 'The dogma of the supreme sovereignty of the masses leads to anarchy or to dictatorship. It means the oppression or paralysis of the intelligence, of the enlightened opinion, of the foresight of the country. . . . The reform contemplated is not justified by science or experience, by technical considerations or by military needs . . . but is a partisan measure to curry favor with the voters.'

✽

MINOR NOTES

THE Soviet Government has recently executed twelve officials of the port of Petrograd after finding indictments against 122 persons, about one third of whom were Government employees, for wholesale theft and embezzlement of merchandise. *Izvestia*, the Moscow daily, reports that Government employees were corrupted by luxurious dinners, liberal loans which they were

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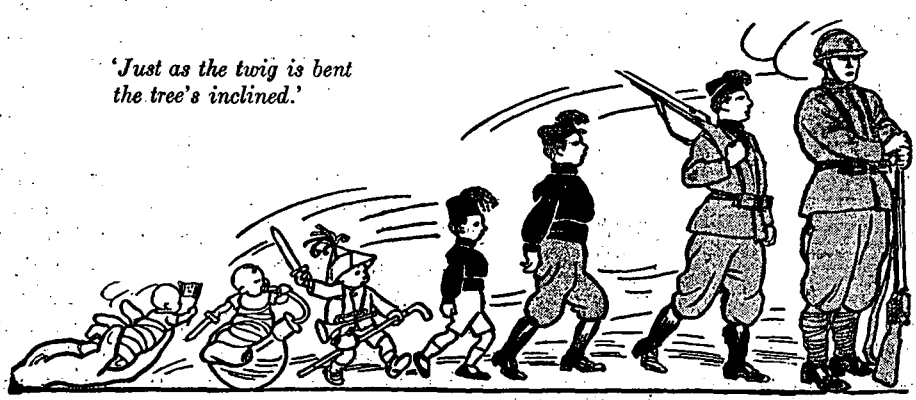
not expected to repay, and other disguised forms of bribery. Several engineers, formerly in Soviet employ, resigned from the service and opened offices as commission brokers, to specialize in handling stolen merchandise. One of the men convicted had misappropriated property worth over half a million dollars. The total losses in the Government fuel and transportation departments alone are estimated at about one million dollars, which shows that they are doing some business in the port of Petrograd. This does not tell the whole story, however, for similar graft, though presumably not on quite so large a scale, has been unearthed in the 'construction' and 'mechanical' departments.

ACCORDING to the Mexican press, extensive plantations of poppy have been discovered along the banks of the Mayo River in the State of Guaymas, Mexico. The area under cultivation is larger than has ever before been detected. Some three hundred laborers are employed by the farmers raising it, at higher wages than are paid elsewhere in the vicinity, and one proprietor produced more than half a ton of opium last year. Although native landowners are apparently engaged in this business, the people behind it are supposed to be Chinamen, and the product is said to be consumed chiefly by the large Chinese colony settled along the west coast of Mexico.

To console the solitary young Japanese bachelors settled in South America, the Consul of that country at São Paulo, Brazil, has undertaken to encourage the immigration of picture brides. According to *Miyako*, three thousand of these brides have registered for passage to Brazil, three thousand for Argentina, two thousand for Mexico, and a smaller number for other destinations on this side of the Atlantic.

THE Harriman Group, which is operating the big Chiaturi manganese mines in Georgia under a contract with the Soviet Government, is reported to be doing well with this concession and to be negotiating with the Moscow authorities for others like it. The Harriman interests have invested in the neighborhood of four million dollars in modernizing and improving the works at the mines, building a railway to the nearest harbor on the Black Sea, and in harbor works. The Chiaturi mines produced before the war sixty-four per cent of Russia's output of manganese.



TEACHING THE INFANT MIND TO SHOOT IN FASCIST ITALY
— *Travaso*, Rome

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JAPAN AMONG HER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

BY BARON K. SHIDEHARA
JAPANESE FOREIGN MINISTER

[THIS article is the substance of a speech by the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs delivered before the Imperial Diet in Tokyo on January 21, 1926.]

ON November 24 General Kuo Sung-ling suddenly rose against his chief, Marshal Chang Tso-lin, and began a march toward Mukden. In accepting the challenge Marshal Chang seemed to set up his first line of defense at Lien-shan, far behind the Manchurian frontier. His forces again retreated from Lien-shan without offering much resistance to the invaders, and it became increasingly evident that he had decided to stake his last fortunes on one decisive battle along the Liao-ho. With these developments in view, the commander of the Japanese garrison in Manchuria issued a warning to both opposing forces, calling their attention to the nature and scope of duty incumbent upon the Japanese garrison.

A deficiency in the strength of our garrison, due to the departure of discharged soldiers in the middle of November, was originally to be supplemented in January, according to the annual programme. Any dispatch of men for replacement was to be postponed until the last moment of absolute necessity. An entirely new situation, however, presented itself when reports from Manchuria came successively to hand from the night of December 14 to the next morning confirming the arrival of a detachment of General Kuo's army at the opposite bank of Yingkow. We had then seriously to consider the possibility of an impending conflict between the respective forces of Marshal Chang and General Kuo in the open port of Yingkow. Our garrison had now to keep special watch over the zone extending from Yingkow in the South to Tiehling in the North. It became obvious that with the actual reduced strength of the garrison a satisfactory fulfillment of its mission over such an extensive zone was well-nigh impossible. It was not doubted that both Marshal Chang and General Kuo had taken due note of the warning given by the Japanese commander, and that in their military operations they would fully respect the rights and interests of Japan. We could not, however, dismiss from our mind apprehension that in the event of desperate engagements lasting for several days on all fronts the belligerents might unconsciously be driven to the railway zone to carry on street fighting and other forms of warlike operations. It has also happened in many past instances that remnants of a defeated army let loose from all control and discipline have sacked towns and terrorized the population.

Having regard to the imminence of such a danger, which manifested itself on December 15, the Government decided at once to proceed to restore the Japanese garrison at Manchuria to its normal strength, as maintained prior to the middle of November last. With

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the return of general peace in that region, following the decisive battle of the Liao-ho, the supplementary troops sent to Manchuria in the circumstances above described were promptly recalled to their original posts and all emergency measures came to an end. It will thus be observed that throughout the recent civil strife in China, as in the case of the Shengking-Chihli conflict of 1924, the Japanese Government has consistently followed the definite and settled policy announced in the last session of the Diet. That policy has in view (*a*) absolute noninterference in China's domestic affairs, and (*b*) the safeguarding of Japan's rights and interests by all legitimate means at our disposal.

There are apparently certain sections of public opinion that are swayed by prejudice in their judgment of Japan's action in Manchuria. The reinstatement of our Manchuria garrison at its preëxisting strength has been misconstrued, as if it had been designed to help Chang Tso-lin's army. Objection interposed by the Japanese commander against either of the warring parties entering Yingkow has been misrepresented as an act directed solely against General Kuo's military operations. Every occasion has been utilized to place Japan in a false light. We deplore these unfounded and undeserved accusations, and in denying them categorically we are confident that history will be the final judge of our clear conscience. It is a matter of satisfaction that our civil and military authorities in Manchuria have successfully carried out the policy of government solely in the interest of humanity, to save the lives of soldiers and adherents of the vanquished party.

It is a well-known fact that Japan possesses essential rights and interests both material and immaterial in Manchuria and Mongolia. Of such rights and interests those that have taken tangible shape and are liable to destruction by acts of war are now mainly to be found along the line of the South Manchuria Railway. In order to protect them from destruction we have been constrained to make necessary provision, which has duly accomplished its end. With regard to our rights and interests of an immaterial kind, they did not seem likely to be affected by the war, and we are satisfied that they have in fact remained entirely unaffected. No doubt complete tranquillity of the whole region of the three Eastern provinces, undisturbed by any scourge of war, is highly to be desired in the interest of the native population as well as of the Japanese residents. It is, however, a responsibility that properly rests upon China. Assumption of that responsibility by Japan without just cause would be manifestly inconsistent with the fundamental conception of existing international relations, with basic principles of the Washington treaties, and with the repeated declarations of the Japanese Government. By taking such a course we should forfeit our national honor and pride. Once and for all, in no case and by no means can we be a party to so ill-advised an action.

I now turn to the subject of the special Conference on Chinese customs tariffs actually in session. Close observers of developments in China cannot fail to note the growing signs of political awakening among the Chinese people. Old China is disappearing to give way to new China. Extending as we do our sincere good wishes for her healthy progress, we are not without a feeling of deep concern for the future of that nation when we witness the tendency of certain sections of the promising young generation who, misled by groundless reports and sinister propaganda, are easily attracted to political activities of a dangerous and de-

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structive nature. In any case it would be a gross mistake to ignore the considerable changes that have taken place in the situation of China in recent years. Military potentates may rise or fall by fortune of war, but national consciousness once kindled can never be suppressed. Any pressure brought to bear upon it will only make it still deeper. One phase of such self-awakening among the Chinese people has taken the form of a craving for tariff autonomy. In full realization of this situation we formulated our line of policy relating to the Customs Conference.

As soon as the Conference was opened, October 26, the Chinese delegation submitted the question of tariff autonomy pursuant to the defined policy of its Government. The Japanese delegation expressed itself ready to take up the question in sympathy with the position of China and in close communication with other Powers. The manifold difficulties that had stood in the way of unanimous action were successfully overcome, and on November 19, at a meeting of one of the committees appointed by the Conference, a resolution was passed on the subject of the acceptance of China's tariff autonomy. At the same time, what we have constantly in view is the coexistence and common prosperity of Japan and China. What we are seeking to attain is an adjustment fair and equal to both parties. We are confident that the Chinese people entertain no such unreasonable desire as to satisfy exclusively their own position without any regard to whatever effects may be suffered by Japanese industry and commerce. We trust that the work of the Conference will be continued and expedited as far as circumstances permit.

A commission on extraterritoriality in China is now also in session. We have always been sympathetically disposed toward the just aspiration of the Chinese people to recover full judicial authority, and we are looking forward with keen interest to the findings and recommendations that are to be made by the commission conformably to the resolution of the Washington Conference.

It is gratifying to note that our relations with the Soviet Union continue to make steady progress. Contracts for oil- and coal-field concessions in Northern Sakhalin were signed on December 14 by the Russian authorities and representatives of our industrial concerns. Such results, assured as they were under the Treaty of Peking of a year ago, would not have been attained if the Soviet Government had taken no interest in the promotion of Russo-Japanese economic coöperation. We welcome a successful issue of these negotiations as a fitting testimony to the neighborly sentiments uniting our two nations.

We seek no exclusive friendship with any nation. We extend honest friendship to all nations. We believe that this is the wisest course for Japan to pursue. With this end in view we should avoid all hasty conclusions as to the intentions of other Powers based on mere stretches of imagination unsupported by concrete evidence. In many cases unjust suspicion and unwarranted prejudice have been at the root of serious international complications. In approaching at this juncture questions of Russo-Japanese relationship, we should carefully bear in mind these considerations. Rumors have recently been circulated charging the Soviet Union with certain aggressive designs in North Manchuria. So far as my information extends I have discovered no ground for attaching any credence to such reports. Since the resumption of official relations between Japan and the Soviet Union a year ago

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we have constantly maintained close contact with the Soviet Government and have effected frank exchanges of views and information from time to time on all questions affecting the mutual relations of the two countries. Throughout such proceedings we have been striving to dispel all groundless misunderstanding and promote friendly intercourse between the two nations. We shall continue to use our best efforts in the same direction.

Our relations with each of the European Powers are eminently satisfactory. With none of them have we any difficulty of a nature that portends developments calculated to create apprehension. On the contrary, there is every assurance of growing friendship on all sides. Japan is not a party to the Locarno treaties recently signed, which are intended to regulate questions of purely European concern, but the atmosphere of confidence which these treaties are known to have inspired in the political and economic situation of Europe cannot fail to clear a way for the forward march of the League of Nations and exercise a salutary influence upon the general peace and progress of the world.

Turning to the relations between Japan and the United States, I permitted myself in the last two sessions of the Diet to set forth the views of the Government on the subject of the so-called Japanese exclusion clause in the United States Immigration Act of 1924. I find nothing here to modify or to supplement the views then expressed, nor can a lengthy discussion of the question at this moment serve any useful purpose. I only desire to make it clear that we remain unchanged in our feelings of deep regret at this particular clause, which seems to us irreconcilable with the rules of international comity and justice. Reviewing, however, the trend of the general situation in the United States, all well-informed observers will readily agree that there has been a steady growth in recent years of appreciation and understanding of Japan by the American people. Among those who once championed the cause of anti-Japanese agitation not a few are now openly reconciled to more moderate views. Among those who at one time took no interest in Japan, or displayed innate prejudice against her, not a few seem to-day eagerly and impartially willing to know the truth of all that relates to this country. Correct understanding is the foundation of true friendship. A general tendency now manifest in the United States in the attitude of that nation toward Japan promises much for the future.

We are in perfectly agreeable relations with Mexico, as well as with the South American States. We have no plan whatever of political significance in our intercourse with any of these countries. We feel, however, that fair opportunities are there afforded for the economic enterprises of our countrymen, and it is our intention to encourage such legitimate activities as far as possible. I would add a few words with regard to that question. It is not in our policy to send emigrants to any country in which they are not welcomed. Our constant desire is to supply capital or labor to undeveloped regions of the world and to promote the welfare and prosperity, not only of the emigrants themselves and of their mother country, but also of the countries in which they choose to establish their permanent homes. Toward this end we are prepared to exert our unremitting efforts.

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THE CASE AGAINST CHINESE NATIONALISM[1]

BY A VETERAN IN THE FAR EAST

[THIS article is by an Englishman who has lived for many years at Shanghai. The views expressed may be taken as characteristic of the British colony. They are certainly not favorable to the making of concessions to the Chinese agitation, but it is important that Englishmen of experience on the spot should be given a hearing. Their arguments are part of the body of evidence that has to be considered before the Chinese problems can be solved with fairness to everybody.]

THE anti-British agitation, it is now well known, is merely incidental to a very much larger one — that is, a determined offensive by Soviet Russia against her archenemy Great Britain, after failure of similar offensives against her in Afghanistan, Egypt, India, and elsewhere. Before going further it is necessary to have it clearly in your mind that that is the meaning of all this sorry business, and to set aside as more than absurd the suggestion that this movement has originated among the Chinese themselves from an innate hostility toward the British, or a patriotic demand from the people of China as a whole for the 'rendition' of extraterritoriality. It is probably perfectly safe to say that not one per cent of the four hundred million people of China know what or where Britain is. Of that one per cent a large proportion has shown its appreciation of British methods of government by settling to the extent of several hundred thousands in Hongkong, an island that in 1840 was inhabited by a few starving fishermen.

Chinese have also flocked into, and are living prosperously, peacefully, and safely to-day in, various parts of the Malay States, Ceylon, and India, and have moreover accepted the British system of government to the extent of eight hundred and fifty thousand Chinese in the Foreign Settlement at Shanghai, formerly a mere swamp. That settlement is admittedly an international one, and the present chairman of the Council is a very excellent American gentleman, but, as you probably know, the system is entirely British, and all departmental officers and details are British with a few exceptions. The British concessions and settlements elsewhere in China have shown an equally large increase in numbers of Chinese and in their wealth and welfare.

To prove further that this anti-British cry is totally unjustified, and is merely a parrot-cry directed from Moscow, it is only necessary to point out that during the attack on Sha-mien, a British settlement near Canton, by the Chinese 'Red' troops led by Russian officers the French killed and wounded practically ten times as many Chinese as the International — *not British* — police killed and wounded in Shanghai on May 30. Nevertheless, the students have made no outcry against that, but are, on the contrary, displaying affection and friendship for the French, for

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *January* 9

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that is the policy dictated by Moscow for the time being. Furthermore, an American marine in Shanghai very correctly shot dead a Chinaman here during a small riot, but not a word has been said about that.

To show you how little the word 'British' means to the students, who now control the movement of all cargo throughout the country, it is an absolute fact that recently the students held up a shipment of goods to an up-river port but permitted two cases of Scotch whiskey to be landed on the consignee, stating: 'This no belong British cargo; this belong Scotch cargo!' That will show you the extent of the knowledge possessed by the youths who have practically taken over control of this vast country of four hundred million people and who have selected for destruction the British Empire, where alone good Scotch whiskey is made.

The connecting link between the anti-British campaign and the question of abolishing 'Extrality' — otherwise extraterritoriality — is the Russian policy, which is to break the united front of the foreign Powers by harrying one of them without mercy, in the hope that the other Powers anxious to curry favor with China and with very little to lose compared with Britain will step in and voluntarily offer rendition, and thus sweep the ground from under the feet of Britain and Japan. Russia knows very well that soon after rendition there would be chaos of the worst conceivable kind all over China, followed by war against China by one or more of the Powers, and that that would open the way for her to achieve her ultimate ambition of a descent upon Peking and finally upon the warm-water Pacific ports of Central and South China. Russia's allies in that move would be General Feng Yu-hsiang and the Cantonese 'Red' Army, which is as 'Red' as anything in Russia and is well led by Russian officers. Having thus got control of the great bulk of the world's population with very little trouble — well, the less one thinks about the future thereafter the better one will sleep at night.

It would again be safe to say that not one per cent of the Chinese people know or care a scrap about 'Extrality.' There are a very limited few shouting for its removal, partly because their Russian masters tell them to do so, and partly because of the 'pickings' thereafter. There is an indefinitely greater number who look with terror on the possibility of restoration — the sound, peace-loving, industrious Chinese of the middle and wealthy classes, who know that their last hope of peace, justice, and security rests in the continuation of foreign administration of these settlements. One of them said to me the other day that rendition would immediately lead to a tremendous financial collapse of all land values, local debentures and shares, and so on, and to a dispersal of these enlightened and very prosperous communities.

The mere fact that we shall all probably suffer enormous financial losses would not, of itself, be sufficient justification for our refusing to China the right that every independent country should possess of governing everyone within her borders if she had shown even partial fitness or any tendency to progress toward better government and a better judicial system. But if the question were asked, 'Has China in any way improved her methods of government or her administration of the laws since the revolution of 1910?' the answer from everyone — except a self-interested few — who has lived in China during that period would be: 'Most emphatically no; on the contrary, she has landslided in the opposite direction,

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more particularly since the Washington Conference, and is now on the verge of total disruption.'

No Chinese judge or magistrate would dare, even if he wished, to give an impartial judgment if in doing so he were acting against any official — civil, military, or police — or against any student or agitator. A law court in China is not, and never has been, considered a place to dispense judgment. It is primarily a place for all the officials, high and low, connected with it to make their fortunes in the shortest possible time lest the militarist who has appointed them be ousted by his rival who would of course put *his* band of satellites in. It serves other useful purposes also, such as the wreaking of revenge and the spoliation of the property of those who might happen to be out of favor with the powers that be. There is no shadow of hope of success in an action against any official of any description; nobody dare charge a common policeman or a riffraff soldier with such a crime as assault or trespass, and to-day the situation has got infinitely worse, as nobody dares charge a twelve-year-old student or an agitator with any of the numerous crimes that these gentry are perpetrating. What earthly hope would a foreigner have under a 'judicial' system such as that? It is unnecessary to say that the administration of the law vis-à-vis foreigners would be worse than corrupt; it would be out and out vindictive.

I now come to the unpleasant subject of the death penalty, which, do not forget, would be inflicted on foreigners merely at the whim of agitators, students, and soldiers, and not after a fair public trial. The Chinese have executed no foreigners 'officially' — though they have murdered large numbers — since somewhere round the forties, when they executed an American soldier in Canton by slow strangulation, until recently, when they executed a Russian bandit up North by exactly the same process. This man had appealed against the sentence, but was never notified of the result of the appeal. Suddenly he was taken out of his prison and was seized by three policemen, one of whom knocked him down, another tied a rope round his neck, and a third inserted a stick into a loop in the rope and used it as a tourniquet, thus killing the prisoner, who was not given a chance of performing his religious rites, though a priest and a doctor did turn up after he was dead. Naturally the length of time it takes to cause death depends entirely upon the mood of policeman Number 3, who can prolong it or hasten it just as he likes.

Executions are carried out in different ways in different places — some by slow processes, but nowadays mostly by shooting or beheading. The latter form was prevalent in Shanghai till quite recently, and it was always considered a gala morning by the general public when executions took place, huge crowds sitting round and enjoying the spectacle. Nowadays it is done here by shooting with a revolver, in this wise. The victims are placed in a row and the executioner walks behind them and blows their heads in one by one at close range — that's when he is in a hurry; if, however, he feels the need of a little practice, he stands further away and takes pot shots at them — and, as the Chinese are notoriously poor shots, you can imagine the results!

I realize this is a very disgusting subject to write about, but it is one that *must* be considered, and I assure you that I have dealt with it as gently as possible, and have not by any means told you the worst.

To grant tariff autonomy to China

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to-day would be a disaster of the first magnitude to China herself. Under the present excellent and well-tested customs system, organized and conducted by foreigners, the Government is assured of an income of sorts and — what is of vital importance — the foreign inspector of customs sees to it that the services of the various government loans are fully met before the Government touches a cent, without which Chinese bonds to-day would not be worth the paper they are printed on.

Remove the stringent foreign control of to-day, and what would happen? The local military official in every province would most certainly confiscate the entire import revenue of his ports for the upkeep of his troops and the strengthening of his position vis-à-vis his rivals. The maritime provinces would thus become very much stronger militarily, and politically, than the inland ones, which would have no such income, and the result would be a new grouping of forces, the maritime men fighting to overcome the less wealthy inland men.

I can confidently state that every European in China would gladly assent to the granting of tariff autonomy to China if he thought that the country would be developed and improved thereby. After all, it must be clear to everyone overseas that we foreigners with our 'all' invested in China are just as vitally interested in the advancement of everything Chinese as are the Chinese themselves.

A TURBANED PARLIAMENT AND A HOMESPUN SHAH [1]

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

[MANY of our readers will recall Arnaldo Cipolla as the veteran correspondent whose account of a trip across Siberia and a visit to the Orient appeared in the *Living Age* in the winter of 1923 and spring of 1924.]

PERSIA'S Parliament has a worthy home — a beautiful palace separated by a park from one of the great mosques, whose lofty round minarets are entirely encrusted with multicolored tile. In the courtyard between the park and Parliament House stand several cannon under their canvas coverings, perhaps as an admonition to the honorable members.

The hall where the sessions are held is light, spacious, and attractive, and undecorated except for a profusion of gorgeous Persian carpets. Its galleries for diplomats and for the public are unusually roomy. But the native spectators, instead of having seats or benches, sit on Oriental rugs. Members, however, have comfortable leather-upholstered chairs.

There is practically a full attendance. All the seats are occupied. The presiding officer is a distinguished scholar

[1] From *La Stampa* (Turin Giolitti daily), *December* 18, 25

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whose name escapes me. He wears a turban, and on either side of him sit the clerks of the House. In front and a little lower is the Speaker's rostrum, where a deputy wearing a turban and a coffee-colored gown woven of camel's hair is addressing the members. Most of the other representatives wear turbans, indicating that they are scholars, or priests, or descendants of the Prophet. The turbans of the first are black, those of the second white, and those of the third green. In fact, this Parliament looks like an extremely clerical body, as if the Government were founded on the ecclesiastical establishment. The secular classes are scarcely represented, although Riza Khan encourages them, in order to broaden the basis of his government. Just now the clericals are emphasizing the divine right of the new dynasty, just as they preached yesterday that of his predecessor.

The room is well heated and, let me repeat, is much handsomer than those occupied by several European Parliaments in the Balkans, or than the one at Angora. Among the deputies who do not wear a turban several tribal chiefs are pointed out to me. They are semi-prisoners at Teheran. When they ruled as free feudal lords in their native mountains their wives rode unveiled at their sides at the head of their warlike vassals, and often fought valiantly in battle. Now at Teheran these ladies veil themselves like other Mohammedan women, to please Riza Khan.

The new Shah has gathered into his Parliament not only his personal partisans but also his subjugated enemies, — both representatives of the old native culture, which is primarily religious, and modernized Persians who have visited Europe. There are many fine specimens of the race among the old nobility. I have never seen in a public gathering anywhere men with keener, more cultivated, and more expressive countenances — or with longer beards. In their veins flows the blood of the ancient Chaldeans, Assyrians, Babylonians, and Persians. Most of them are fanatical adherents of their faith and have made the pilgrimage to Mekka.

The debates are calm and deliberate. The speakers assume priestly poses, and never gesticulate. Persians abhor gestures, which they think betray lack of self-control. Now and then a man lifts one finger in the air. At the slightest murmur the President's bell calls the members to order. Persian oratory is pleasant to the ear. The speakers do not talk; they sing, and their language is soft and musical and full of sunshine and flowery images.

None the less, I cannot believe that this Chamber, moulded in the form that Riza Khan decreed, was quite as docile as it seems to be to-day when it voted to dethrone the former dynasty. Even the adversaries of that dynasty protested violently against what they denominated overriding the Constitution, and some ten members became so obstreperous that it was necessary to remove them from the hall by force.

The Persian Cabinet, including the Premier, is housed in the Royal City, which is a part of Teheran resembling the Forbidden City at Peking. It is a walled quarter containing the 'Imperial' palaces, — for we must remember that 'Shah,' like 'Tsar' and 'Kaiser,' are but corruptions of the Roman 'Cæsar,' — arsenals, parks, factories for making uniform cloth, and sumptuously decorated buildings covered with porcelain tiles and inlaid with mirrors in the Persian style. I enter a handsome square with flower beds and fountains surrounded on three sides by government offices, and, ascending a tall flight of steps covered with rich Persian carpets, reach a shady corridor

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where servants are bustling to and fro carrying pots of steaming tea.

The Premier's office, whither I am led without delay, is a barren place, furnished, except for rugs, with a single big table covered with a disorderly array of papers. As no writing-materials are visible on the table, it looks like a place where somebody had been sorting mail. The Premier himself wears a collarless Persian coat and a black cap, and speaks excellent French. His chin is covered with a stubby growth of beard like that of a man who has not shaved for a couple of weeks, for he belongs to a religious sect part of whose discipline it is never to use a razor. I cite this as characteristic of Persia: here is a gentleman who has resided in Europe, and has been educated there, who speaks French fluently and converses with me familiarly and intelligently upon any subject, yet he observes scrupulously the practices and traditions of a little Mohammedan sect.

After we have conversed for some time, principally about conditions in Italy and Italian enterprises in Persia, I rise to go. But the Premier detains me; he has a surprise for me — a telegraphic résumé of Mussolini's speech at the opening of the Parliament in Rome, which he insists on reading to me word for word.

It is a beautiful November afternoon. The snow-covered mountains to the northward glisten in the warm yellow sunlight of the Persian autumn. A few minutes' ride in an automobile along half-deserted streets flanked by the tall walls that hide the beauties of Teheran — its palatial villas and gardens and fountains and artificial lakes — brings us to the residence of the new Shah. It is a modest dwelling. Rumor has it that Riza Khan does not intend to occupy the old palace of his predecessors, but will convert that building into government offices. He will, however, build himself a small stone residence in the foothills ten or twelve miles from Teheran, in the beautiful park-country at the base of the mountains where the members of the Legations and the wealthy residents take refuge during the torrid summer heat.

This little villa is surrounded by a modest yard filled with flower beds and ornamented with a fountain. A few marble steps lead to a landing upon which open the private apartments of the Shah. It is a cramped place, encumbered with pots of flowering plants. Two big paintings, representing scenes from the Indian conquests of Nadir Shah, by modern Persian artists adorn the walls. There is no suggestion of luxury about the building. It is merely a comfortable middle-class home. Rumor has it that Riza Khan is parsimonious; and he is undoubtedly a careful, economical man, with none of the prodigal tastes of his spendthrift predecessors.

I am shown into a little reception room on the right, furnished in a rather nondescript manner. There are valuable rugs on the floor, but the chairs and sofas are of cheap manufacture. A few pictures hang on the wall, and a clock ticks on the mantel over a fireplace in which a cheerful coal fire is burning. Light from the turquoise heavens enters unimpeded through the uncurtained windows.

A moment later the private secretary of His Highness enters. He will interpret for us, for Riza Khan speaks only Persian and a little Russian, and indeed has learned to write these two languages only within the last few years, during which he has devoted himself with Spartan rigor to remedying his lack of early schooling.

The Shah does not keep me waiting. He almost bursts into the room — a

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colossal figure of a man, tall, straight, monumental, dressed in an officer's simple khaki fatigue uniform. He wears no decorations, and his cap, which like all Persian high officials he keeps on in the house, has no insignia except a little gold lion rampant.

I involuntarily compare this simple reception with a royal audience in the days of the former Shah, with its display of magnificent uniforms, of diamond aigrettes, of huge jewels, of turquoise-studded scimitars, and all the other trappings of a typical Oriental court.

I am introduced. The Shah shakes my hand and invites me to sit down beside him. I study his face. His features have a military hardness and vigor almost unique in this land of artists, traders, and religious mystics. His eyes are slightly bloodshot, his eyebrows heavy and bushy. The scar of a wound beginning at the top of his nose makes a deep furrow across his forehead. His gray moustache is trimmed close, and his tawny face is tanned as brown as that of a mulatto. Altogether he makes the impression of an exceptionally harsh and cruel person. But his voice is soft and gentle, and his words, full of good sense and moderation and courtesy, belie his looks.

In a word, Persia's new man is not really a Persian, but a typical South Russian of the old type. As I study him I cannot get away from the idea that I am talking with a dashing, hard-bitten Cossack hetman. It is impossible to connect Riza Khan's face and figure with the history of Persia, but they do suggest instantly Peter the Great. In fact, if the new Shah were able to handle his country the way the Reformer Tsar handled Russia, I have no doubt that he would refashion it in the same summary and autocratic manner. But Persia is not Russia, and Riza Khan is too exclusively a soldier to have the versatility and the vision of the great Muscovite.

Riza Khan speaks to me of his admiration for Mussolini, with whom he has exchanged photographs. When I compliment him upon the appearance of his troops, which, though not numerous, are excellently disciplined and well equipped, he smiles with gratification. At a sign from his master a servant brings in a table and tea is served in beautiful old porcelain, together with pastries supplied by a Russian bakery in Teheran that makes a specialty of exquisite confections. Learning that I am an old army-officer and that I have made several tours around the world, the Shah shows great interest in my travels.

Finally the conversation turns to homely local gossip, particularly the progress made in repairing the Italian Legation buildings, which have recently suffered from fire. I learn that before he was elevated to his high post the Shah was often a familiar guest there.

I take leave of Riza Khan Pahlavi feeling that I have made the acquaintance of a ruler who will leave enduring traces of his reign in Persian history.

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FOUR YEARS UNDER THE CRESCENT [1]

BY RODA RODA

RAFAEL DE NOGALES was born of well-to-do parents in Venezuela forty-four years ago. He was educated in Europe. When nineteen years old he fought as an officer with the Spaniards in Cuba. Three years later, being an opponent of President Castro, he resigned from the army of his own country and began his world wandering. He lived at various times in Alaska, India, and Afghanistan. When the Great War broke out he tried to enlist in Belgium, but was not accepted. Later he tried to do the same in England and Montenegro, and was rejected in both cases. Finally he landed in Turkey.

He was in active military service in Asia during practically the whole conflict. He fought in the Caucasus, in Mesopotamia, and in Palestine. He became intimately acquainted with Enver Pasha and the other young Turkish leaders, and with our German commanders — Marshal von dem Goltz, Liman von Sanders, and their colleagues.

All that is happening in Asia Minor to-day has its roots in the World War. Therefore a man who would know modern Armenia, Syria, Turkey, and Palestine should read this book. Its author has had the most varied adventures. He knows how to describe them, but he is not particularly profound in interpreting them. He has no axe to grind, no enemies to malign. He merely paints the picture as he saw it. He witnessed horrible atrocities, and describes them in matter-of-fact words, without sympathy or abhorrence. Yes, his book abounds in atrocities, whose dry, literal description is more dreadful than a more emotional account would be.

While the cannon were thundering in the Carpathians, the Turks and their Kurds systematically slaughtered hundreds of thousands of Armenians, 'the Czechs of Asia Minor.' They pillaged, drove into the deserts, and exterminated tens of thousands of Nestorians, Maronites, and other Christians — men, women, and children alike. They left only the mechanics alive, because they needed them in their munition shops. But retribution dogged the heels of their crime. The fleeing Christians scattered the typhus far and wide throughout the country, and thus cost the lives of two million Mohammedans.

On the few occasions when the Armenians had the upper hand they treated the Moslems with equal savagery. But worst of all were the Kurds. 'A human life was of trifling account. Unlucky the man who had gold filling in his teeth. The Kurds would trail him for days in order to murder him and get the gold.'

Nogales pauses in the narrative of these things to praise the Turk as the best soldier in the world. 'He was satisfied with a crust of bread and a handful of olives; and if he did not have even these, he died of hunger in the snowdrifts of the Caucasus or on the hot sands of Mesopotamia without

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *December* 24

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a word of complaint crossing his pest-purpled lips. The Turk is, in spite of all his faults, the best soldier and the most perfect gentleman in the East. . . . No officers anywhere in the world excel those of Turkey in steadfastness and personal courage.' Yet the author says in another place: 'The Turk cannot say no. When he says to-day he means to-morrow, and when he says to-morrow he means never.'

Turkey was a factor in the calculations of the Central Powers that could not be canceled without making the result of the whole equation zero. The Turks trusted the Germans absolutely. Many of the common people even believed that Kaiser Wilhelm had become a Mohammedan. Nevertheless, the personal relations between the Turks and the German officers commanding in Turkey were anything but pleasant. For example, the Turks would have let Marshal von dem Goltz starve to death. They put spies at the elbow of all the others. The Germans did their duty and more than their duty up to the last moment. But did they not see the frightful things that were taking place in Armenia? Or did they refuse to see them?

A peace imposed by force after the World War partitioned and disintegrated two great historical organisms — Austria-Hungary in Europe and the Turkish Empire in Asia. How long will the frontiers of Central Europe continue to shift hither and thither before at last they are stabilized for all time? Yet Asia Minor's frontiers are even more precarious, and their seismic record goes much farther back in history. We are apt to think in Europe that an unbridgeable gulf exists between the Turks and the Arabs. Nogales, who unquestionably knows both races well, thinks otherwise. In any case, his predictions deserve attention. I shall content myself with citing three of them.

'Notwithstanding his unquestioned personal bravery, the Bedouin is not ashamed to take to his heels when he meets serious resistance. The Turk, on the other hand, never retreats when he has once resolved upon an attack. That is the real reason why the Arabs have almost always been the vassals of the Turks ever since the two races met. Furthermore, this is a relation that is not likely to change in the future. A straw on the current is the admonition constantly dinned into the ears of the emirs and other Arab leaders that they must make common cause with the Ottomans unless the Allies recognize the complete independence of Syria and Mesopotamia.'

'The reason why the Arabs in Syria and in Mesopotamia proved so rebellious and troublesome under the old régime was the ingrained rottenness of the Osman bureaucracy. That bureaucracy is responsible for the fact that one after another the vassal States were driven to emancipate themselves from the Sublime Port. Nevertheless, the sympathetic ties that unite the Turks and the Arabs, and indeed the whole Moslem world, have not been severed. It is a great blunder to imagine that the separation of Syria and Mesopotamia from Turkey by the action of European Powers will be final. As soon as the Osman Government manages to contrive a reasonable, honest, and efficient system of civil administration, the Arabs will be the first to resume their old relations with Turkey in order to form a common front with her against Europe. For the Arabs have an hereditary conviction, transmitted to them from untold generations of forefathers, that Christian Europe is the sworn enemy of

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their race, their freedom, and their faith; and this conviction will never be eradicated.'

'No matter what difficulties the Turks may encounter at the moment, Mohammedanism has by no means run its course. Let us not deceive ourselves. Two hundred million followers of Islam, from Senegambia to India, are in violent agitation; and two hundred million fanatics are a force not to be despised. We must bear in mind, furthermore, that the last war taught the Mohammedans the secrets of European military art. Recall that the end of the Roman Empire came as soon as the barbarians learned its tactics and its strategy. The French Revolution spelled the independence of the two Americas. Who can say that the Bolshevist Revolution will not spell the independence of Asia, and perhaps of Africa?'

EAST AND WEST: THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE[1]

BY MORTIMER STANDING

THERE is a saying by Sir Oliver Lodge that 'the last thing a deep-sea fish would discover would be water.' It is an apt illustration of the principle that to become fully conscious of an environment one must be able in some sort of way to transcend it.

It is, we believe, almost impossible for anyone to get a vivid realization of the essential elements in European civilization without in some way or other getting outside it — that is, by living, either actually or in imagination, in some wholly alien civilization, as for instance that of Asia.

It was the present writer's lot to live for a time in India, and in such a manner — as private tutor — that he was very largely cut off from any European society.

After an intimate contact with Indian social life, there gradually presented itself to the writer's mind one fundamental and all-inclusive difference. It is not easy to express it in one sentence; but if the attempt had to be made it would run something like this: 'The fundamental difference between the civilizations of Europe and Asia lies in the fact that the former has the Christian Middle Ages behind it, while the latter has not.' By the term 'the Middle Ages' we refer to a very definite influence, unique of its kind, — a Zeitgeist, if you like, — not to be found in any other part of the world.

Without particularizing further, we may say that for a thousand years the spirit of Europe was moulded by organized Christianity. The moulding influence of the Church during this period was so stupendous, so complete, so enduring, so omnipresent in its effects, that for the most part we are unconscious of it; nor can we ever properly realize it until we pass beyond its borders into a pagan world that has never been under its sway.

[1] From the *Month* (English Roman-Catholic review), *November*

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On going out to the East one does not at first realize this profound difference, so deep-rooted in the past. One is more likely to be impressed with a bewildering variety of external differences, at once interesting and picturesque.

Yet these are not the essential matters. The real difference is something spiritual. It is the presence or absence of a peculiar moral pressure which has been transmitted down to the present from generations that have passed away many centuries ago.

Let all these external differences disappear. Let an Indian become outwardly Westernized; yet, in spite of all these external resemblances, the essential cleavage still remains: the East is still the East, and the West the West.

We would not, however, go so far as to say that 'never the twain shall meet'; but it is certain that only by an inner revolution of the most fundamental kind, by a transformation of his whole spiritual being, by a conversion that swings the individual, as it were, centuries ahead of his race, can any Asiatic come to understand and appreciate the essentials of European civilization.

At this point an explanation is necessary to avoid a misunderstanding. We do not deny, for instance, that there are hundreds of thousands of Indians who are more pleasing in the sight of God than hundreds of thousands of Europeans. For many Hindus and Mohammedans are much nobler characters — taken as individuals — than many who call themselves Christians. One has only to think of Kipling's Gunga Din, or the Lama in *Kim*. But our point is that — taken collectively — the moral tone of Europe, as expressed in our institutions, conventions, and ethics, is vastly superior to that of the Orient. Hence the average European — through no merit of his own — is born into a loftier vision of life with its ideals and obligations than the average Oriental — just as a child, born and bred on the slopes of a mountain range, inherits a loftier and broader physical vision than a child of the plains. It is the contention of this article that it is largely the Christian Middle Ages behind us that have pushed our civilization up the slope of the mountain.

I have met not a few Englishmen in India who will assure you that it is a great mistake to try to convert the heathen to another religion. 'My own belief,' such a one will tell you, 'is that in the long run it does n't make any difference what religion a man belongs to — or if he has any at all. Let him be Buddhist, Hindu, Mohammedan, Christian, Parsi, or even an atheist, it makes no real difference, so long as he is "straight" and "plays the game."' It is best to leave them to their own mode of worship, as this is best suited to their manner of life, and the peculiarities of their environment. Anyhow, all that really matters is that they should play the game. Yet in most cases these very men, even when they have ceased themselves to believe in Christianity, reveal, as it were in spite of themselves, their Christian origin.

Their creed may have whittled itself down to the aforesaid maxim, 'Play the game'; yet compare their notion of playing the game with that of an educated Indian who has not come under the influence of English society and you will find how great is the difference. And, looking still deeper, you will find that this difference can only be accounted for by the fact that the European carries round with him, as part of his ethical outfit, — part of his very self, in fact, — certain traditional moral values which are the subconscious deposit upon his soul of centuries of Christianity, of in fact the whole of the Middle Ages and even before.

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All this may seem an exaggeration; but a few examples will make it clearer. An Englishman, new to India, stands on the verandah of his bungalow; and there heaves in sight a fat and oily Bunya — merchant — coming to display his wares. The Bunya ambles easily along, carrying nothing but his well-fed body; behind him and bearing the burden of his goods there staggers a half-naked woman. She is merely a beast of burden, and he regards her as such. And no one, except the Englishman, seems to have any misgivings that this is not a very right and proper arrangement — not even a Westernized Indian with his B.A. degree at Bombay University.

To take another example. I had been dining at a wealthy Indian's house. After dinner we sat out under a brilliant electric arc-light and coffee was served on the lawn. The warm night air, odorous with the scent of jasmine, was suddenly rent by the sounds of a woman screaming dreadfully. The host ordered a servant to go and find out what was the matter. The man returned after a few minutes and said, 'It's only the horse-boy beating his wife.' Upon the suggestion that he should go and tell him to desist, the servant — with the familiarity of an old retainer — smiled rather incredulously, and answered, 'But, sir, they have only been recently married' — referring to the proverb that a man is not properly married until he has beaten his wife!

This cynical treatment of the subject stirred me to make some rather caustic comments on the Oriental treatment of women generally.

'I don't see why you make such a fuss,' replied my host. 'There are plenty of husbands in England who beat their wives; you have only to read the law-court reports in your newspapers.' He himself had been in England several times.

'It may be so,' I replied, 'but they do not do so openly and unashamed before an indifferent public.' Then I related to him an unforgettable incident I had witnessed from the carriage of a railway train that had stopped at a crowded railway-station. In the midst of the surging throng of humanity that is usually to be found in any large Indian railway-station, my attention happened to fall on a man who was furiously beating a woman with a stick, driving her along with as little compunction as one would drive a cow. Perhaps the most appalling circumstance about the whole incident was the fact that not one in the crowd — they were all Indians — seemed to be in the least perturbed by this distressing scene; only a few seemed to think it worth more than a second glance, and they only looked on with a mild, spectacular interest. 'There are indeed men in England who beat their wives,' I went on, after having related this incident to my host, 'but no man would be allowed to do it like that, unchallenged, on a crowded railway-platform in England.'

'Ah well,' replied my host in the tone of a man who is making a good excuse, 'that is only because you have a more definite public opinion on the matter in England.'

'Exactly,' I replied, 'but where did that public opinion come from?' And then I realized again — with a sudden flash — the influence of Christianity, coming down through the Middle Ages, through the Age of Chivalry.

It was my privilege when in India to become intimately acquainted with a most refined Indian gentleman and his wife, and their most delightful children, whom they were endeavoring to bring up on Montessori principles. Both

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husband and wife were very advanced in their ideas.

One day we were discussing the question as to what was the best kind of education for the modern Indian girl. In particular the point was raised as to how far it was advisable to depart from the immemorial Oriental restrictions on the liberty of women. 'It is very hard for you to realize,' went on this lady, 'how great are the risks we run in allowing our daughters, not only to give up purdah, but also to mix as freely as they do in England with members of the opposite sex. Your social life is surrounded by so many unwritten laws and conventions, which serve as safeguards to young people when they mix together freely in each other's society. But with us it is different. These conventions for the most part are not there; and therefore it is fatally easy for the emancipated young woman of India, as soon as she breaks away from the customary moorings, to be carried away beyond all bounds.'

This discussion, by the way, had arisen in an interesting manner.

I had been present at the birthday party of one of this lady's children, and had been in fact the only European in the company. To liven things up a little, as the young guests seemed rather shy with one another and their hosts, — just as they often are even at the beginning of a children's party in England, — I suggested that we should go to the tennis court and play some games; and before long we were playing, with great gusto, good old English games, such as 'Nuts in May,' 'Oranges and Lemons,' 'Cross Tig,' and so on. In these games — as everyone knows — it is often necessary for those playing to join hands, or chase after and catch one another. As boys and girls, and youths and maidens, were all playing together, this form of amusement seemed to the parents of some of the children a most shocking innovation. One must remember that Eastern people do not even touch hands when they salute each other. My hostess — herself a most liberal-minded woman — thought it was an inadvisable proceeding that might serve as 'the thin edge of the wedge' and would, in any case, lead to scandalous gossip among the orthodox Hindus.

I was quite taken aback at this criticism, and assured her that we always played these and similar games in England at children's parties without any serious results.

'Ah, but you must remember,' she replied, 'how many traditions and customs you have in your country that safeguard your young people,' and here she went on as mentioned above. Again I — as on so many other occasions — experienced a strange feeling, as though my eyes had suddenly been opened; and I was made aware of a subtle and sustaining influence in our civilization, almost like an invisible and pervading presence. I had in fact discovered exactly what I read about later, in one of Chesterton's books, where he speaks of the Church as making a ring-fence round the innocent pleasures of paganism.

And, with regard to veneration for the sanctity of womanhood, even Protestants must recognize the tremendous influence which the cult of the Virgin Mother of God must have exercised on the mind of Europe in raising the general conscience to a loftier conception of womanhood.

It is difficult to live in modern India without taking some sort of interest in politics. When I went out first, I confess that it seemed to me that the only fair and logical course for England to take was to grant India self-government. But, in coming into closer contact with the actual conditions, I began to see things in a very different light.

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The practice of self-government can only be safely introduced to a people which already possesses — embedded, as it were, in the very texture of its mind — certain fundamental notions as to the nature of mankind. And here again one comes across a profound cleavage between the East and West.

Centuries before the doctrine of the equality of man became a political catchword in the eighteenth century, the mind of Europe had been schooled to the idea that all men were of equal value in the sight of God. For a thousand years the Church had persistently taught this doctrine, driving it home through the labors of millions of priests in every corner of Europe; driving it home so completely that men found nothing extraordinary in a peasant being raised to the Papacy or a king being flogged, barefoot and bareheaded, through the streets as a penitent.

It was the work of the Catholic Church that abolished slavery. Such an institution was, by its very nature, incompatible with the spirit of the doctrine that all men are of equal and infinite value in the eyes of God. It was this teaching too which prepared the way for, and made possible, the practice of a true democracy.

But this slow maturing of the common mind on this subject, the gradual raising of it to a new conception of the nature of mankind through the pressure of a unified and omnipresent Church, India and the East generally have never known.

If anyone doubts whether the ideals of liberty, fraternity, and equality, and the practice of self-government are alien to the mentality of the Indian, and incompatible with his traditions, let him become acquainted at first-hand with the caste system of that country.

It is not possible for anyone living in Europe to realize how seriously this caste system prevents even the most willing from coöperating toward a common end. Many examples could be cited, but one must suffice. On one occasion, when I had had some guests in to dinner, I suggested to one of the other servants that he should help my table-servant with the washing-up of the dishes. The former was a very good-natured fellow, and would have done anything to oblige, but on this occasion he begged very volubly to be excused, chiefly on the grounds that *his daughter was going to be married the following week!* On being further questioned, it appeared that if he had touched the dishes I had been using he would have lost caste. He would then have had to pay a heavy fine to regain it, and would thus have deprived his daughter of her wedding dowry!

It would seem almost that the very idea of a diversity which is caught up into a higher unity is alien to the Eastern way of thinking. This can be exemplified in other spheres besides politics. If one compares Eastern and Western music, for instance, almost the first thing that strikes the Westerner is that Eastern music is devoid of harmony. It is what you might call one-dimensional music. Indian composers seem to have little or no conception of the beauty that can be obtained by playing two or more notes together, so that their individual values are enhanced by their reciprocal contributions to a chord; even less of the interweaving of melodies, as in much modern orchestration.

On several occasions I have asked Indians if they could play the piano, and they have replied in the affirmative. On being asked to perform, they have, to my great astonishment, seated themselves solemnly at the piano and proceeded to play a tune *with one finger only*. There was, apparently, not the slightest sense that anything was miss-

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ing; and the other Indians present applauded these strange recitals as very meritorious performances, which doubtless they were from their point of view.

Is it not possible to see in this striking difference between the music of East and West the symbol of a still deeper divergence? For it illustrates, exactly, the difference between the Christian and Oriental ideas of Heaven. In the Christian Heaven, individual personalities survive — eternally separate and distinct. At the same time, without losing anything of their individuality, they are caught up into a higher unity, like the component parts of a mighty orchestra or the petals of a flower. There are innumerable saints and angels in Heaven, but 'Number there in love is slain.' Or as Dante describes it in his *Paradiso*, —

In forma dunque di candida rosa
Mi si mostrava la milizia santa,
Che nel suo sangue Cristo fece sposa.

Compare this with: —

The dewdrop slips into the shining sea.

In nothing does what we have called the subconscious influence of Christianity in Europe manifest itself more clearly — in contrast to pagan civilizations — than in its reverence for and appreciation of the child.

'It is a strange thing,' remarked a Hindu gentleman to me one day, 'that none of our great pundits and philosophers seem able to write books specially suitable for children; whereas, in England, you have hundreds of such books on all conceivable subjects, and have even special magazines and newspapers for the little ones. Not only that, but many of your greatest authors have written books specially for children, and, apparently, do not think it infra dig to do so. I have tried,' he went on, 'to persuade some of our learned scholars to write such books with an Indian setting to them for Indian children, and have offered to pay them handsomely for so doing; but they do not seem able to manage it, though why I don't know.'

In reply I told my friend that I thought that it was probably due to the influence of our religion, which has always inculcated a profound reverence for the beauty and innocence of childhood.

There are, of course, many other points which could be mentioned that bear upon the subject of this article, — such as the custom of keeping purdah, child marriages, the licentious rites of certain Hindu temples, — but enough has already been said. And, furthermore, it has been our aim to emphasize those points of difference which are not so much the *direct* results of Christian teaching as the indirect consequences, operating as it were subconsciously as that religion has, little by little, leavened the whole structure of society.

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WINTER IN CHINESE POETRY [1]

BY HANS BENZMANN

[THE author, recently deceased, was a veteran critic as well as a poet of standing in Germany.]

IT is a strange sensation to read Chinese poems composed hundreds and thousands of years ago and to find in them the same emotional responses, the same moods, that we find in contemporary poetry. The human soul expresses its thoughts and sensations, its emotional and spiritual experiences, similarly among all peoples who possess true culture.

So the Chinese poet describes the six-petaled blossoms of the snow crystals spiraling down through the darkness, the frost needles shot across the water in an alabaster basin on a cold winter's night, a fire burning merrily on the hearth, as we might at the present day.

We know how intimate a kinship the Chinaman feels with earth, water, air, and sky; his sense of being part of Nature herself; and how this feeling will often dominate his mood during a country walk or a ramble through the woods. He has a mystic, conscious unity with the flowers, the trees, and every feature of the Nature that surrounds him. He moves in gentle reverie among her beauties, drinking in with a sort of silent ecstasy his physical impressions of each changing season. The flowers of spring, the summer heat, the autumn storm, the rain and ice and snow of winter, all present themselves to his imagination as blessings in their respective ways. A Chinese artist's mind dwells with reverence upon Nature's mysteries — air, atmosphere, firmament, the boundlessness of space where beach, forest, mountain, the near and the far, the horizon's sweep, become simple lines and puzzling arabesques. Reverently and attentively he stands in the centre of this wonderful atmospheric infinity that embraces him and sustains him.

Winter, with its broad snow-surfaces, its clinging mists, its bare tree-trunks, its fantastic tangles of black branches, its mountain brooks dancing merrily down between snow and ice, makes a particularly strong appeal to the emotional expression of both the Chinese artist and the Chinese poet. There is a swing of freedom, spaciousness, air, light, mist, and resonance in the poetical literature dealing with this theme. The following verses by Yang I, suggested by a wonderful lyrical painting by Mu Ch'i, his contemporary of the Sung Dynasty, entitled 'Midnight Chimes from a Distant Temple,' have all these qualities — a bare suggestion of sharp mountain-peaks looming through a fog, a delicate silvery tracery of air and billowy mist, and, just visible in the remoter distance, the graceful gables of a temple. As we look at the picture our ears can almost catch the sweet, low resonance of the far-away gongs pulsating through the humid air.

[1] From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin big-industry daily), *January* 14

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MOORED BY THE MAPLE BRIDGE AT NIGHT

The moon has long since vanished;
Only the ravens are restless;
Chill frost settles from heaven;
The maple trees darken the water;
A fisherman's fire sparkles afar.
I am alone in the broad world.
The city sleeps in the distant valley;
From yon mountain the sound of temple gongs,
Marking midnight,
Throbs over the water to the pilgrim's ears.

Many poems are even more characteristic in their identification of the spirit of Nature with the soul of man. Another example of a poem that belongs to no age because it belongs to every age, a little lyric that Goethe himself might have written, is a passage from a pilgrim's song by Li T'ai-po: —

I fain would paddle across the stream;
Ice blocks my course.
I fain would cross the mountain pass;
Snow stops my way.
Hard, oh hard, is the wanderer's life;
Harsh is the pilgrim's lot,
For the paths we follow are treacherous paths
As we journey from shrine to shrine.

Winter's mood is also present in Li T'ai-po's wonderful poem upon homesickness, which has been translated so many times: —

Before my couch the moonbeam lies so white
I mistake it for early hoarfrost sparkling on the ground.
I lift my head and gaze at the bright moon,
I sink my head and think of my native land.

The lyrical poetry of China ever harks back to certain central themes — longing and yearning for home, wanderlust, and loneliness. A poem by T'ai Cho Lun of the T'ang Dynasty — 618 to 907 A.D. — illustrates this: —

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT AN INN

Under this stranger's roof no person cares for me;
It shelters no one with whom I can exchange a loving word.
A murky lamp is my only comrade.
Yet this night ends a year in which I have traveled far and have been far from home.

Again, however, these themes are handled with a brighter brush, as when the Chinese poet, countryman, fisherman, or the boatman whose bark is held fast by the ice, dreams of the mild, soft breezes of approaching spring: —

The earth has drunk the snow;
A flush of budding blossoms colors the plum trees;
The grass in the meadow looks like burnished metal;
Snow lingers here and there like molten silver;
Butterflies flit past with sulphur-powdered wings
And thrust their satiny heads into the young flower-cups.
From his skiff on the glassy water a fisherman throws his net,
Breaking its smooth mirror into a thousand fragments.
He is thinking of her whom he has left at home,
Like a mother swallow in her nest —
Of her whom he will soon see again
Bringing back food for the day
Like a father swallow.

Spring is also represented as a band of merry horsemen on white steeds escaping at a wild gallop from the kingdom of fog and snow. To quote Li T'ai-po, the greatest of all Chinese lyricists, once more: —

Seven steeds dash
Through the sky and over the mountain.
Spurs prick the flanks of the flower wind.
An old beggar waits at the tavern.
Seven riders bend over their silver-white saddles,
Seven riders rein their coursers.
Spring has come! Fair maiden, bring your wine —
Seven new guests are here.

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THE FAUNA OF THE BUSH[1]

BY FILIPPO SACCHI

If I had to say how the bush is conspicuously unlike the city, I should say that the only important difference is that in the city human beings are in the majority, and in the bush animals are. On the ordinary ranch, so far as I have been able to learn, there is one man for every thousand cattle and every five thousand sheep. Stop and think how many animals you have at home, and you will appreciate the difference.

Where there are so few men in proportion, the animals have naturally adapted their environment to their tastes. It is an environment of peace, liberty, and well-being. We are so used to thinking of animals in a domesticated state that we come to feel that they can do nothing without us. Nothing could be further from the truth — they get along very well by themselves. They distribute pasturage, they systematize exchange, they arrange meeting-places and resting-stations, they discipline the young; in general they administrate their affairs so intelligently and so smoothly that sometimes one can't help thinking they must have their governmental systems, and — who knows? — their parliaments. But they don't tell *us*, if they do.

They get along much better on the whole than their domesticated brethren. Take dogs, for example. Our tame dogs, educated on principles of bourgeois morality, have a very narrow conception of human solidarity. Their world of interests is bounded by the door of the house. We have transformed these noble and generous creatures into a species of churlish slaves, with all the caprices and vanities of their masters. The dogs of the bush have no such vices. It would be hard to imagine more magnanimous animals than the watchdogs of the bush — affectionate beasts that are always ready with friendly attention for strange travelers, especially at unaccustomed hours; these dogs seem actually to regard hospitality as their mission. They would sooner let their heads be cut off than kill a man. As for the bulls, they are models of good behavior. No bull has ever been known to attack or kill a man in the bush. As a matter of fact, men are capable of making animals worse than they would otherwise be, whereas animals seem to have no capacity for improving men.

Even the wild animals, except for the snakes and the dingo, — which makes off only with kids and calves, — are mild in their manners. The emu, a sort of enormous ostrich, typical of the Australian fauna, defends itself against attack by kicking, and has sometimes killed men in this way. But there should be no reason for attacking this bird, since its feathers are not of commercial value and its flesh is not edible. In general, the wild life of the bush furnishes little in the way of food. The Australians hunt the kangaroo for the sake of some of its parts, especially the tail, and also the plain bustard, a huge slow-flying bird that is very good to eat.

[1] From *Corriere della Sera* (Milan Liberal daily), *December* 17

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There is a story about a ranchman who went hunting with a black servant, and together they killed a bustard and a crow. On their way back the ranchman said to the Negro: 'Listen here, Billy, I'll tell you what we can do — you take the crow and I'll take the bustard. Or, if you say so, I'll take the bustard and you take the crow.' The old man reflected a moment, and then exclaimed: 'Jes' mah dahn luck! I allus gets de crow!'

The crows of the West are the most petulant and vociferous generation of living things ever created. You find them everywhere. Their long, hoarse, insistent screech, intermediate between a wail and a scornful burst of laughter, between the cry of a baby in a cradle and the roaring of a wild beast, follows the traveler in the bush as the screech of the sea gull follows the ocean traveler. The bush-dwellers say that the cry means, 'Ooooh, Kelly! Ooooh, Kelly!' — for Kelly is their slang name for the crow. No one I asked, however, could tell me the origin of this nickname.

Probably it came from that of the notorious brigand Kelly, who was hanged in Victoria about forty years ago, one of the many bad men of the Australian bush of the heroic period, a stagecoach-robber and a cattle-thief, whose name, now that it is no longer terrible, continues to circulate among the people of the bush gilded with all the glamour of his legendary feats. He belongs to the same class as that of the great Redford, immortal among cowboys of all ages, who stole a thousand cattle from a ranch on the Thomson River, in North Queensland, and drove them single-handed across the Interior, at a time when it was still unexplored and still infested with savage tribes, to Adelaide, a distance of more than a thousand miles, where he sold them at public auction. If it had n't been for a famous white bull that he had stolen from a ranch at Darling as he passed, and that gave him away, his escapade would probably have succeeded.

The most severe penalties, even death, were meted out to cattle-thieves in Australia at that time, but the labors of this cowboy Hercules were so generally admired that he was actually acquitted. To be sure, the authorities in London reversed the decision, and punished the whole province by taking the seat of the Court of Justice away from it. After all, how could a commonplace cockney official, muffled up in the fogs of Downing Street, be expected to appreciate this Homeric feat?

The most typical representative of the fauna of the bush is of course the kangaroo. It is so typical that it has become practically the heraldic device of the young commonwealth. You find it on coats-of-arms, on stamps, on match-boxes, on the soles of shoes, on butter; you see kangaroos running loose in public parks, and stuffed in the museums; and when your Australian friends send you Christmas and New Year's cards, you find them bedecked with sentimental verses to the effect that 'in the land of the kangaroo there's a faithful heart that thinks of you.' The animal has little charm if you study him in detail, with his harelike head and his penguin body. But you should see him running loose in the bush, either in the thin mists of early morning or in the shadows of twilight, with his rhythmic and elastic gait — a gait so like a gallop that anyone who saw two or three of them running in a row, leaning forward with their forepaws folded on their breasts, would be inclined to think of jockeys making a dash for the finish.

The animals of the bush have no striking colors and no voices, but they have rhythm. There are even some that dance. Whoever has seen those

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spindle-shanked cranes called 'native companions' dancing in the bush early in the morning has seen one of the most graceful performances in the world. Slender, white, high-waisted, they balance themselves on their long legs, opening and closing their fragile wings to the music of the wind in the bush as lightly as a ballet dancer would lift and drop her lacy skirts.

Now and then you come upon unexpected sights, as for example that of sea gulls that have lost their way and go flying over the bush as if it were the sea. I once saw one at Tordown on the edge of the great midland desert. It was flying very high and toward the north. Two days later it probably reached the ocean again — after having crossed a continent! The infinite expanse of the bush continues the infinite expanse of the sea.

FOR A GUEST ROOM

BY GODFREY ELTON

[*Spectator*]

PULL the curtains, bring the light,
Dusk is drawing into night.
Friend, the lamplit hours begin,
Welcome to the house you 're in.

Lovers in the Lovers' Lane
Watch our lighted window-pane;
John and Mary picking posies
In dim thickets of primroses
See the glowing blinds and stare,
Oh, there 's Blessing in the air.

Friend, the lamplit hours begin,
Welcome to the house you 're in;
Ere the hours you spare us end
For your coming thank you, friend.
Scanty power to give has man,
We shall give you as we can.
You have brought us, never doubt,
From the world of men without
Something that we cannot spare
Of the Blessing in the air.

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THE ART OF SARGENT[1]

BY THE 'TIMES' CRITIC

[The Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year was devoted to the work of the late John Sargent. A committee, of which the president of the Royal Academy is chairman, has proposed to establish as a memorial to Sargent a prize 'for a work of art produced in Great Britain, to be called the John Sargent Prize.']

To speak of the limitations of a great man lately dead is always a thankless task, but the powers of the late Mr. John Sargent, whose works form the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Academy, are not to be appreciated rightly without some attempt to define their nature by exclusion. Fortunately the name if not the character of the other exhibition, that of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, which, though not yet open, is to run concurrently in the same place, will help us to suggest one limitation impersonally.

The art of Mr. Sargent is almost entirely lacking in what may be called the 'folk element,' that something, of the earth earthy, that establishes contact with a work of art before ever the individual artist is perceived. In one sense, that of conscious and intelligent regard for the past, Mr. Sargent was a traditional painter, but in the deeper sense of inheriting the unconscious and, so to speak, stupid habits of mind and hand that gave body to the art of the past he was not traditional at all. How far this was due to his nationality it would be difficult to say, but it is significant that, different as they were in other respects, there was exactly the same lack in his compatriots Whistler and the late Sir J. J. Shannon. Like him, they were shallow-rooted in that common soil of art, partly, but only partly, a matter of subject, difficult to describe but recognized whenever encountered, — in the works of such painters as Morland, Crome, and Chardin, for obvious examples, — which lies below actual accomplishment. One symptom of the deficiency is in the treatment of substance. There is no hint in the work of Mr. Sargent that he valued artistic materials except as means of representation. He was a supreme craftsman for his own purposes, but his purposes did not include that cherishing of the stuff for its own sake which, though it is most evidently a virtue in what we call the 'crafts,' is equally characteristic of the painter who is traditional in the less conscious meaning of the word.

Mr. Sargent's other limitation was at the opposite end of the artistic process. He was a great draftsman for his own purposes, but he had little appreciation of form for its own sake, irrespective of what it happened to represent. Ignore the facts of his pictures and they do not say much to you by virtue of their lines and masses. But this is not to say, though it has been said, that he was not a good 'designer.' Again, for his own purposes, the effective arrangement of the facts to serve the convenience and

[1] From the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *January* 18

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pleasure of the eye, he was a very good designer indeed. The truth is that he dealt in facts, and not in forms. Here 'facts' must not be confused with 'details,' for no painter of his time was less dependent upon detail, and few of any time excelled him in broadening and simplifying the facts to the convenience of the brush without serious loss of character. Beyond that he could not go with safety, and when for this kind of simplification, or that produced by lighting, he substituted the deliberate avoidance of 'particularities' recommended by Reynolds he became empty because of his imperfect grasp of form in the abstract. He could simplify after the manner of Raeburn, but, as was brought home sharply when the Wertheimer portraits were first hung at the National Gallery, even Romney and Opie were his masters in simplification beyond the reach of the brush, at the point where the support of the fact must give way to the inspiration of the form. Not because they are not sufficiently 'decorative' in style of painting, but because they are formally inadequate, it is unlikely that Mr. Sargent's decorations at the Boston Public Library and Museum of Fine Arts, interesting as they are in conception and design, will add permanently to his fame. They compel rather the respectful indulgence that is given to the poetical effusions of a master of prose.

If, then, we recognize Mr. Sargent's limitation in the treatment of substance on the one hand and of form on the other we shall be in a better position to appreciate the positive excellences of the truly wonderful exhibition. They can be summed up in a sentence: Mr. Sargent was a master of representation with the brush. The whole sentence must be taken because there have been painters, like some of the Dutchmen, who excelled him in the realization of the facts, but only by some suppression of freedom in painting. For representation, claiming no more, in characteristic terms of the instrument it is doubtful whether Mr. Sargent has been equaled since Velásquez by any painter except Goya and Manet. To walk through the rooms is, first of all, to feel the security that is possible only when the facts of the living world, unified by personal vision, have been brought into the same category of statement by considered and highly organized art; and the difference between the experience and that at an ordinary Academy exhibition is not the least proof of Mr. Sargent's powers.

In estimating Mr. Sargent's powers quantity must be considered as well as quality. This is an exhibition of six hundred and fifteen works, and it is said to represent only about a third of his whole output; and though there are a good many portraits that betray lack of interest in the subjects, or mental or manual fatigue, there is nothing that fails of consistency. The difference in quality represents only fluctuations of accomplishment in the same kind of art. Equally consistent is the personality felt throughout the galleries — powerful, masculine, dignified, truthful, broadly sympathetic but entirely unsentimental: unmistakably the personality of a great man.

There is nothing whatever to support the legend that Mr. Sargent would satirize or caricature a sitter with whom he was not in sympathy. Any oddity or excess of statement can be put down as a natural consequence of his whole artistic attitude; because, when a man's whole nature is absorbed and strung up in recording the facts of appearance, it is the sudden turn or the fleeting expression that he seizes upon, particularly when the facts in general are dull or commonplace.

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Equal to any emergency in the kind of art that he practised, Mr. Sargent had, apart from portraiture, certain preferences in subject that call for comment because they seem to be related to the absence of the 'folk element' in his actual execution. Like his friend and compatriot Mr. Henry James, he had a definite world of his own. It has been observed that Henry James very seldom touched what are called the 'working classes' except as servants or retainers, and the same is true of Mr. Sargent, though his war paintings show that it was not from any limitation of human sympathy. Moreover, there is a similar peculiarity in his landscapes. Something must be allowed for the fact that his landscapes were holiday work, and that his holidays were taken abroad — in Italy, Spain, or Switzerland; but the absence from his work of anything that can be called a characteristic English landscape on a considerable scale is remarkable. In this exhibition there are two small paintings, 'At Broadway' and 'Whitby Fishing Boats,' very like a Whistler, which make the absence a matter for regret.

If there is one picture that seems to sum up Mr. Sargent's world, social and artistic, it is 'An Interior in Venice.' Too much must not be made of the 'testamentary' meaning of the act by which, in 1900, this picture replaced the portrait deposited by Mr. Sargent in the Diploma Gallery on his election as R.A. in 1897, but in subject and execution it looks like a confession of faith. Without being illustrative, it is astonishingly like a scene from a novel by Henry James: two youngish people, who might be by way of becoming lovers, at the coffee table, and an elder couple discreetly removed, he turning over a portfolio of drawings. Moreover, the whole atmosphere of the room and the character of the people suggest the kind of culture, selective and rejective, that comes by opportunity and education rather than by native appetite. At any rate, it is a fortunate accident that this beautiful work, silvery in tone and of a scale to avoid the less pleasing consequences of his method, should represent Mr. Sargent permanently in the Diploma Gallery.

With 'The late Henry James, O.M.,' 'The late Coventry Patmore,' and 'Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt., M.P.,' of 1923, Mr. Sargent's powers as a painter of men in a wide range of character are sufficiently evident. As to his artistic descent and development, he may be said to have derived from Velásquez and to have responded to both the English and French schools of the eighteenth and early-nineteenth centuries, recalling Raeburn in 'The late Lord Russell of Killowen' (1900), and Lawrence in such a picture as 'Mrs. Cazalet and Children'; and his progress was in ease, breadth, and lightness, though in the very latest portraits there is a return to the linear interest of the early ones.

Wonderful as are Mr. Sargent's landscapes in oils, it is probable that his fame in this branch of art will rest rather upon his water colors, and fortunately they are very well represented in this exhibition. Such drawings as 'Palazzo, Venice,' 'Statue of Daphne in the Villa Collodi, near Lucca,' 'Architecture — Venice,' and 'A Turkish Woman by a Stream' can only be called miracles of direct representation. So we come back to the word: Mr. Sargent was a great master of representation, and it is because representation is becoming a means rather than an end in art that he may be looked upon as closing an artistic period.

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LONDON-A-DREAMS [1]

BY AN OLD LONDONER

[THE following article was written in connection with three or four new books on London, of which the most important, Mr. James Bone's *The London Perambulator*, has been called 'the best book about London that has been written for a century.']

'IT was the very dickens of a place,' exclaims Mr. James Bone, the author of *The London Perambulator*, as he trots with an armful of his brother's fine drawings behind the august procession of London *Spies* and '*Specs.*,' *Tatlers* and *Ramblers;* trots modestly indeed, but with his tail up, knowing that love and sauciness meet no challenge at Temple Bar. 'It was the very dickens of a place,' he muses, recalling the goblin glance of New Inn in Wych Street the day it was sold in lots from chimney-stack to paving-stone, with its twisted stair-rails and carved fireplaces, its chambers crammed with yellowing papers, its echoes and its ghosts. His saying holds not only of that derelict Inn of Court. When Master Humphrey, peering through the glass door of the Old Curiosity Shop, sees 'one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners . . . and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and mistrust,' with 'suits of mail standing like ghosts in armor here and there; fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters; rusty weapons of various kinds; distorted figures in china, and wood, and iron, and ivory; tapestry, and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams,' we divine the allegory. He is gazing through a magic glass upon London itself. Truly, the very Dickens of a place.

It would be curious to inquire when and how it came to be so. For that, one would need to trace carefully the growth of the giant and to hunt perseveringly for the first glimmer of romantic sensibility toward it. Like most London quests, it would probably turn out an endless winding. But if we take the city of Rocque's map in mid-eighteenth century, the city that had been swept by the Great Fire and garnished by Sir Christopher, bright, compact, and classical in its girdle of smiling villages from Hampstead to Newington and from Knightsbridge to Stepney, we feel that London is not yet the grandiose and formless mystery that mingled with the opium dreams of the romantics. Just as surely, when Don Juan's post chaise jingles to the top of Shooter's Hill, and he espies below him

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge, dun cupola like a foolscap crown
On a fool's head — and there is London Town!

we know that the London of Quilp and Scrooge, of Krook and Jeremiah Flintwinch, of Gaffer Hexam and Abel

[1] From the *Times Literary Supplement* (London weekly literary review), *December 24*

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Magwitch, is already here. This is the London that lurks and grimaces in a smoky shroud beneath the great black bubble blown by sardonic genii through the stems of its towering chimneys; the London in which the Zemganno brothers peep up apprehensively at the pallid dial of Big Ben, half expecting to see a clown's face ogling them from the stars above the river; and in which M. Daudet lingers bewitched amid the rose and copper sunsets of the Strand, awaiting against the evidence of his reason the 'odd, light step' of Mr. Hyde on the pavement or the tremulous patter of Little Nell's worn sandals. What are the sources of these enchantments?

Mr. Bone guesses as much perhaps as man may. Allow for the curtains of river-mist and of smoke. Allow for the fretful caprices of our sun, evoking but to banish in stormy weather the frail and delicious wraiths of stucco terraces. Too late the Perambulator laments the senseless prejudice that is stripping London of the face most congenial to its climate, the 'sweet and finished expression' of its gayety. But stucco, when all is said, is not London's heart. Mr. Bone seeks further for the spell and finds it. It is the mingled play of wind and rain and soot on Portland stone.

When a young man comes to settle in London it seems a strange, uncanny place, and Wren's great cathedral and churches, and the long front of Chambers's Somerset House, and the many great buildings, excite him much and perplex him a little. It is usually after many years that he comes to understand why London looks so dramatic, or — shall one say? — 'theatrical.' He is aware of something against which his reason is fighting. It is the weathering of Portland stone; the appearance of great shadows where there can be no shadows, throwing blackness up and down, and wreathing towers with girdles of black, and cutting strange shapes on flat surfaces. Mystery hovers over the city, everything is slightly falsified, almost sinister; 'fair is foul and foul is fair'; there is magic about.

Therefore Mr. Bone whisks us off for a moment to Portland quarries, to the lone peninsula where millions of years ago London, like an uneasy leviathan, rose inch by inch from the sea, and where the modern stonecutter boasts, 'There 's a whole new London down there. Perhaps a better London than Wren's,' and stamps on the ground 'as though signaling to something below.' It is a glimpse into the workshop of the wizard.

Congruous with these elusive tricks of its surface is the impish 'accidentalness' of London's assemblage; for neither king nor architect nor ædile has yet been able to straighten it out along the lines that a capital should follow. It is — as the housekeeper's boy from Bladesover saw — a haphazard collection of privacies. The enclosed and reticent mansions of the nobility set the tone, and the great squares they built still bear the stamp of 'the estate.' In these squares the Perambulator is brought up short before the statued gardens, puzzled by 'the delay in throwing down their railings and letting the public enjoy them.' He should recall that it is not so very long a time since the gates and lodge-keepers that shut off general traffic from the squares themselves were made away with. The serried castles of the burgesses meanwhile relied on their area-moats, their glass-strewn walls and glum door-knockers to guard their seclusion; while rascality found sure asylum in its rookeries by Seven Dials or Drury Lane or Holborn, regions where only the foolhardy pedestrian dared step a score of paces aside from the gas-lit main thoroughfares. We look back to a time when just beyond your doorstep a perilous no man's land began. In this wild country Squeers hunts Smike

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down the vista of lamp-posts as if through the glades of an African forest; the Woman in White haunts the solitary traveler from the dells of Hampstead to the turnpike of Avenue Road, and the 'New Police,' deprecatingly clad in the tall hat of private citizenship, tread warily like patrols of exploration. As late as 1867 Sala declared that he 'would much rather stroll along the Via Appia than Haverstock Hill after 10 P.M.,' for fear of the griping fingers that might come upon him among the 'trim villa residences.'

It has been no one's concern to check the encroachment of poverty on magnificence, to provide an 'approach' for St. Paul's and the other great monuments, or to secure the architectural riches of the City from burial in dank courtyards. Mr. Bone in his saucy way charges the Londoners with malice. Why did they build Victoria Street to miss the Abbey? Why did they dig a hole in blocks of dreary mansions and drop Bentley's majestic Westminster basilica into it? Why does Northumberland Avenue sweep up with a triumphal swagger to 'a side view of an ugly railway-bridge and a cab-shelter'? Because the Londoner does not care to hang his pictures on the outside of his house, because in a mixture of bashfulness and irony he is waiting to see if you will find these things out for yourself. So the Perambulator, as he strolls through Bloomsbury, is wooed by 'shy hints of elegance in fanlights and balconies'; so Mr. Burford and Mr. Harvey have been able to collect a whole portfolio of ravishing trifles from remote or unexpected folds and corners of the tumbled city, plucking one lovely carved doorway from a shop in Tower Street and one from a house on Ham Common, wrenching a wrought-iron gate from Stepney Green, a gable from Eltham, a wreathed tombstone from the graveyard of St. Margaret's, Lee, and from the wall of St. John of Wapping's Charity School — truer symbol of London-a-dreams than Gog and Magog in Guildhall — the wistful Boy and Girl who stand there in their niches side by side. These authors decided to 'exclude ecclesiastical buildings' from their spoils; but they, no doubt, relish such paradoxes as the urbane and aristocratic tranquillity of St. George's in the East, still waiting amid the squalor of Ratcliff Highway for the return of the bagwigs and the panniers. In all this wayward profusion, this willful inconsequence, Mr. Bone discerns 'a Gothic *genius loci* of London fighting against the spirit of the classic that modernity has imposed upon it. A city of mists and fogs, capital of a nation that gets along comfortably with a labyrinthine law based on precedent, and a monarchy that may not rule — what has it to do with the lucidity of orders and the hard clarity of sunny lands?'

Whence, we may add, could the gargoyles of the Dickensian drama have come, whence the humpbacks, dwarfs, cripples, simpletons, and other oddities, but out of this patched-up, unhygienic ruin?

External meanness, secret splendor — it is, after all, the essence of the fairy tale. Cinderella's godmother came begging in rags to the kitchen door and asked for a pumpkin and mice. Ali Baba's cave opens to a plain marketing-order, if only you can remember it. When the Fog lets down her veils over London and the lights go up within, the Perambulator gapes at the 'raree-shows,' the glimpses of exquisite 'ceilings and paneling and mantelpieces,' or, before Lambert the goldsmith's vanished shop in Coventry Street, at the blaze of old gold and silver through the little square projecting windows. In such an hour, doubtless, the waif whose dream-brother was David Cop-

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perfield found himself on the other side of the transparent tavern door marked 'Coffee Room' at the portals of the domain of Moor Eeffoc. Poor Don Juan from foreign parts could only make a mouth when they drove him past Mount Pleasant and Paradise Row; therefore, he may be sure, we are too proud to show him Shepherdess Walk or Canton Street or Jamaica Road, or the Elephant and Castle, or the Golden Cross or the Angel. No way to explain to him the glory of the padlocked chest, the dusty bale, the nailed-up crate, the colored shred of a label, the odorous mouth of a rifled jar from the Indies — all the lumber that lies about the floor of the Old Curiosity Shop, lacking only the word or the wand for transformation. It might at any moment befall us as it did the kindly pedant from Berlin, Pastor Moritz, who, visiting London in 1782, was advised to pay half a crown at a dingy doorway near the river, and, after stumbling dolefully to and fro awhile in an ill-lit shrubbery, tried a door in a wall and fell right into the brilliancy of the great Ranelagh Rotunda. Spell-bound by the thousand and one lamps, the painted boxes, the bursts of song and organ music, the four black pillars from Aladdin's Palace soaring in the middle, the richness of the dresses and the beauty of the English faces, by the whole august pageant, — 'all so orderly and still,' another witness says, 'that you could hear the whishing sound of the ladies' trains as the immense assembly walked round and round the room,' — the Pastor confessed: 'I felt pretty nearly the same sensations that I remember to have felt, when, in early youth, I first read the Fairy Tales.'

If not the fairies, at any rate the ghosts, walk here at high noon. The Perambulator, after jottings and calculations in his notebook, reckons that 'if you search for it, you can find, worn as a regular costume, not as fancy dress, some costume of nearly every period from the reign of Henry VII to that of Queen Victoria.' The Blue Coat boy has now become as rare as a precious moth, but others who seemed lost have proved *revenants*. Only the other day when the Guards paraded in their bearskins and gray overcoats upon the snow for the Queen Mother's funeral we went back, it was noticed, to Inkerman and the Sebastopol trenches. No Londoner can tell what to-morrow's prestidigitation may be. Meanwhile, since we are a city of shopkeepers, Mr. Bone is wise in bending over counters, peeping on tiptoe at top shelves, and craning his neck to read the signs on the lintels. How many tokens he finds in shops of a life suspended, and waiting like the cooks and turnspits, the major-domos and flunkeys, of Sleeping Beauty's Court to be about its work again. In the Royal Opera Arcade the hair-dresser's wax head that looked ominously at Mr. Spec, when he began on commission from Mr. Punch his 'Travels in London,' still shows those whom it may concern how to train their 'weepers.' When the clock strikes the hour that unseals those faded lips they will probably tell us (at last!) which turning to take for the Royal Opera. Yesterday there was a shop in the Strand where Nelson's hat that he left for the repair of a clasp was still waiting for him, and another that purveyed sauces to 'H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester.' For our own part we do not despair, considering how much of London there is that no one can yet have seen, of finding sometime, in the street between Old St. Paul's and the echo of Westminster Bridge, that 'dim shop, low in the roof and smelling strong of glue and footlights,' where Stevenson stood 'in quaking treaty with great Skelt himself, the aboriginal,

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all dusty from the tomb,' and came out every pocket bulging with dreams.

One at least of these we must try to catch before it dissolves. It is the most persistent and paradoxical of all the mirages spun by our elusive city. It came upon Mr. Bone one night when he woke in a Fleet Street lodging to the 'clop-clop, clip-clop, of great horses,' and saw out of the window one of the Lord Mayor's carriages, with its footmen, crest, and Georgian harness, taking a guest home from a civic dinner. With its yellow lamps streaming on the incoming vegetable-wagons, it appeared to him suddenly as 'the squire's carriage going through the village.' The rurality of London! It envelops us all at some time or place — perhaps under the languishing trees of an egregious country churchyard in the middle of town, perhaps before the curve of Islington High Street, perhaps at the corner of one of the Chelsea bridges, on a day of light mists when the sun glints on trees and water no less solitary than an upper-Thames reach.

If the reader of Mr. Wagner's new installment of London inns and taverns is tempted to long rumination beneath such signs as The Load of Hay, The Thatched House, The Three Doves, The Bald Faced Stag, the reader of Mr. Beresford Chancellor's exhaustive *Pleasure Haunts of London during Four Centuries* comes to believe that almost all the old London amusements were meant to console the homesickness of an essentially rural people for the countryside. Even raffish Cremorne, as Mr. Chancellor notes, lived on its avenues of fine trees and summerhouses by the water. Sham 'spas' and 'wells' were invented as a sheer excuse for picnicking — and how zephyrlike, with curls dancing out of their scuttle bonnets, the little City misses pursue one another through the tea-gardens in Cruikshank's other 'Boz' plate called 'London Recreations.' After the jolly chapter on the fairs — Bartholomew's, Southwark, the May Fair — we seem to watch the enlargement and scattering all over London's area of the simple fairground frolics. There is Richardson's Show, festooned in tallow lamps, where the spangled Columbines and Roman warriors pace up and down outside to the blare of the beefeaters' band, and where 'you have a melodrama (with three murders and a ghost), a pantomime, a comic song, an overture, and some incidental music, all done in five and twenty minutes.' Multiply this booth on the farther and hither side of the bridges, and you get your 'minors,' the 'Lesser Theatres' of Mr. Chancellor's fifth and sixth chapters, pressing riotously round the solemn deathbed of 'the legitimate' at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Lo! the waxwork has expanded into Madame Tussaud's eerie palace of illusion, and the menagerie assumed learned dignity in the Regent's Park. It is a step from the humble peep-show to the dioramas, panoramas, poluphusikon, and Great Globe of Leicester Square, and only a stride — using for a stepping-stone Don Saltero's Coffee House collection in Cheyne Row with its hodgepodge of scientific specimens and nonsensical sham relics, Saint Catherine's skin, the basilisk's eye, and the necklace of Job's tears — to the stateliest of Victorian or Albertine museums. The ring of the pugilists must ever seem to be cut from the turf of the village green; the cockpit to be a corner of the barnyard. And in the last analysis the old English circus, with its scarlet-coated grooms and grinning clowns, its jockeys in tops and habited Dianas taking their five-barred gates, is an extract mixed from the fox-hunt and the race-course.

If these naïve and seemingly trivial

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entertainments appealed to no smothered instincts, no buried ancestral memories, in the townsfolk, we should be baffled by the inexplicable charm that Astley's and the jovial Grimaldi pantomimes and the transpontine melodramas exercised on the great London writers of their day. We can believe, too, that in these rude, bucolic shows the romantic genius of the nation would flame forth. Ducrow, the equestrian, was likely a prodigious mime; and we still read with a faint tingling of the flesh Fitzball's account of the spirit scene in *The White Maiden of California*, when 'the Indians, clad perfectly in white, mounted on their warsteeds, cream-colored every one, rose on traps, the horses as collected and still as the statue at Charing Cross.' The thirst for wonders is not to be quenched in our village; it was we who made the Italian pantomime into a nursery tale, and dowered Harlequin with his wand and his invisibility.

We could almost believe at moments that we hear the tap-tap of the mischievous fellow's bat all over town. Does n't he take a hand with the twisting river in 'those curious topographical illusions' that confound the Perambulator, 'by which St. Paul's and the Abbey seem constantly to be appearing and reappearing in the wrong places'? Does n't he give the signal, just as in the pantomime, for the monuments to upheave themselves and walk away? Temple Bar, insulted once too often, went off in a huff to Cheshunt and has been deaf to all entreaties to come home and be forgiven; and the pillar of the Seven Dials has strayed as far as Weybridge. Crosby Hall admires the sunsets and the fuming Four Sisters at Chelsea; the giants of St. Dunstan's have borne their huge clock, sweating, to a sylvan retirement in Regent's Park; and you even find bits of old London settled by the seaside at Swanage. Listening to the daily crash and rumble of demolitions, the gloomy predictions of architects and the threats of councilors, we prefer to detect behind it all just one more prank of our sprite, who never lets London really down. It is at least a more cheerful view than Mr. Bone's in his last chapter — alas, that there should be a last chapter! — with its hint in the title 'Gone!' that the proprietors are at last selling up the Old Curiosity Shop. That will not happen. If they ever attempt it we shall see strange sights. One may be the spectacle of Mr. Bone's 'mighty fleet of Wren, with their topgallants and mainsails of stone,' led by St. Paul's, their admiral, its huge sail bellying to the wind, weighing anchor for the place whence they came, going back to Portland and the sea. Then might be fulfilled at last that other nocturnal fear to which the Perambulator confesses, that 'the chartered Thames and its warehouses and lights along the banks might suddenly not be there, only a wide, nameless creek, with forests at its swampy sides, swooning under the night.'

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A NOVELIST IN FOUR LANGUAGES

EVERYONE has heard how Joseph Conrad, when he decided to abandon the merchant service and become a novelist, hesitated over choosing between English and French as a linguistic medium. A young Hungarian journalist, Mr. H. J. Kalscik, was confronted with an even more formidable problem when he began *his* novel, for he knows and speaks some fourteen languages, and has done newspaper work in four of them. He solved the problem by using these four, — English, French, German, and Italian, — and by composing *Felix Sorgenlos*, the novel in question, in Lapland, whither he went, no doubt, to escape the confusion of hearing any one of them spoken.

This novel, according to a writer in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*, is the story of a happy-go-lucky hero — the title suggesting his character by reference to two of the author's vocabularies! — who lives in turn in the various European capitals as a journalist and speculator on the stock exchange. From what we are told of Mr. Kalscik's career, we can surmise that the events of *Felix Sorgenlos* are based on his own first-hand experiences. These have been extraordinarily varied.

Vienna was a fitting birthplace for this 'good European.' His father was an Hungarian scholar who had formerly been tutor to the Empress Zita's brothers, and in the Austrian capital Mr. Kalscik was trained for a musical career by the master of Paderewski and Moiseiwitsch, the great Leschetizky. At the age of seventeen, however, he appears to have lost his ardor for an artistic career, and, seized by the *Wanderlust*, to have set out on a grand tour that embraced India, China, and Japan, as well as the Continent of Europe.

'The war brought his Odyssey to an abrupt end. He joined the Austrian army as officer in an Hungarian regiment and served on the Serbian, Russian, and Italian fronts. Put out of action on several occasions by severe wounds, he found his way again to the front. Twice he was taken prisoner, and twice he escaped — after almost incredible adventures that would have done credit to a Latude or a Casanova.

'Captured on the Russian front, Mr. Kalscik was sent to Siberia. There he succeeded in breaking out of the prison at Irkutsk, and tramped seven hundred miles, enduring all kinds of hardship, and narrowly avoiding recapture on many occasions. Finally he managed to buy a British uniform, and, being able to speak English fluently, posed as a British officer, and so made his way across the frontier.

'His second escape was even more thrilling. This time his captors were Italians, and he was immured in a prison on an island, ordinarily reserved for prisoners serving a life sentence. Like Monte Cristo, he made his escape by throwing himself into the sea, swimming and floating for three hours to the Bay of Naples. Through the greater part of Italy he traveled by night and hid during the day, passing himself off in the towns he traversed as

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a Belgian officer, and even deceiving the Carabinieri. Eventually a kindly priest took him in and supplied him with civilian clothes.'

The effect of one of his wounds made it impossible for Mr. Kalscik, when peace came, to return to his musical studies, and not unnaturally, considering his experiences, he turned to journalism as a profession. As a special correspondent for Viennese, American, and Italian newspapers, he attended all the great international conferences since the Armistice, and reported the first meeting of the League of Nations. He has interviewed all the leading European statesmen, including Lloyd George and Mussolini. He is the London correspondent of the Chicago *Musical Leader*. *Felix Sorgenlos* was recently published simultaneously in London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome. The Locarno spirit, with a vengeance!

✻

A BUS-DRIVER AS A PLAYWRIGHT

MR. SIDNEY BRAY, a young and very popular London comedian, was, as he put it to an interviewer of the *Westminster Gazette*, 'yanked off my stool' at the Stores Department of the London County Council tramways, and found himself 'planted behind the footlights.' And down in Eastbourne — not to be outdone by the metropolis — they have bus-drivers and shoemakers who are full-fledged playwrights. Mr. A. Matthews and Mr. E. Humphreys ply these two trades respectively, and in their leisure write plays. At least, they are the authors of a light-opera libretto entitled *The Smuggler of Beachy Head*, based, according to the *Daily Herald*, on the story of a spy who turned smuggler in the days of Nelson.

The book was specially written for production by the Bourne Players, a group made up chiefly of bus-drivers and conductors, and the chief rôle was played by a Southern Railway engine-driver who is also prospective Labor candidate for the Eastbourne division. Admiral Nelson and the famous Lady Hamilton figure in the plot, one scene depicting the great sailor's departure from England just before Trafalgar. 'To get accurate details, the joint authors studied a number of historical books, and also interviewed old inhabitants of Eastbourne and surrounding villages.' Mr. Matthews had already written a play called *The Busman's Dream*, which must obviously have been drawn from his own experience rather than from research.

✻

FROM THE LIFE

THE vexed question, how far a novelist has the right to utilize actual people as characters in a book, has been raised recently in Denmark by the work of a young woman writer, Jo Jakobsen, with her novel, *The Hansen Family*. According to her distinguished senior in the art, Frau Karin Michaelis, writing in *Pester Lloyd*, 'on the day the book appeared, a hue and cry broke out all over the country. The book was "shameless" from beginning to end. The author just missed being tarred and feathered. It was asserted that the characters of the book were drawn from living models, and that the author had exploited her special knowledge of this group of shady personalities in the most indefensible way.'

The case is apparently roughly parallel to that of Victor Margueritte's picture of post-bellum French society in *La Garçonne*, to the extent that Jo Jakobsen has depicted the effects of war neurosis on the manners of a small and special class of people. M. Margueritte, however, was never charged with having aimed at individuals, and it appears that Jo Jakobsen has done

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this unmistakably. From what Frau Michaelis tells us of the book — which she says was read to her by the author before publication — it is not difficult to see why those individuals should be profoundly disturbed. 'One thing is clear — the book exhibits a very individual knifelike irony, an unrestrained delight in rending live flesh and twisting the knife mercilessly in the wound. Frau Jakobsen's wit, united with a penetrating power of observation, is evident on every page of the book. Since Gustav Wied I know of no writer whose irony has been so corrosive, so venomous, and yet so wonderfully sad. I cannot deny that one might wish to see such a gift of observation expended on *somewhat* less depraved, *somewhat* more humane objects. But they could not be more sharply perceived or more faithfully reproduced by any writer in the world.'

Not the least engaging phase of the question is the speculation why, if the author entertains the bitter scorn she seems to feel for her characters, she should have spent as much time in their company as was obviously necessary to the composition of *The Hansen Family*. It has been suggested, not without insight, that the book is a kind of expiation, for her own benefit, of the author's own follies. 'Sackcloth and ashes' is perhaps a new function of the novel, but certainly not a wholly unlikely one. What is to be said, on the other hand, of a mode of doing penance that operates as painfully as this on the sensibilities of other people?

✤

PARIS STREET NAMES

A GREAT Frenchman is considered to have come into his own only when at least a half-dozen streets and avenues have been named after him here and there throughout the Republic. Indeed his popular glory is in something like direct ratio to the number of thoroughfares that bear his name; practically no French provincial city or town is without its Rue Gambetta and its Avenue Victor-Hugo. Frequently enough of course this involves renaming old streets, and recently a stir of protest has been raised in Paris over a proposal that the ancient Rue des Écoles in the Latin Quarter should be named after the late René Viviani. No one calls into question the service that gentleman did the State, but many people feel that the thoroughfare that runs from the Sorbonne past the Collège de France to the École Polytechnique has a title to its ancient name, and that to change it, even for another very distinguished name, would be a kind of vandalism.

A similar proposal has been made to change the name of the Quai Malaquais and name it after Anatole France, who wrote about it so lovingly; and it has even been suggested that, if he cannot thus have a whole quay to himself, the Quai Voltaire should be rechristened the Quai Voltaire et Anatole France. Those two names are by no means incongruous, but what a weight of — well, of one thing or another — for one quay to bear!

✤

TURNING THE OTHER CHEEK

THE hardest things that were ever said about Devonshire were said by the poet Robert Herrick, who spent a good part of his life there as vicar of Dean Prior, on the road from Plymouth to Exeter. Only the other day the parishioners of the church that was once his dedicated a window to his memory — though he found their ancestors 'a people currish, churlish as the seas; and rude (almost) as rudest savages.' In spite of this rancor, however, he sang immortally of

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the simple and picturesque life of the West Country, and Dean Prior owes its fame to him. The principal motif of the window is a Nativity scene, — for Herrick recurred to that subject again and again in *Noble Numbers*, — and in the lower left-hand corner is a portrait of the poet kneeling at a faldstool, with a glimpse of the church and Dean Court behind. One of the marginal figures is that of Charles I, of whom the poet was a devout and eloquent supporter, to the extent that during the Civil War he was turned out of his living by the Puritans of the parish. During the service of commemoration Herrick's 'Ode on the Birth of Our Saviour' was sung by the congregation.

✽

CHESTERTON ON DOCTOR JOHNSON

'YES, it is true,' said Mr. G. K. Chesterton the other day to a representative of the *Observer*, 'that I have written a play called *Doctor Johnson*, which, my agent tells me, after having found a temporary lodging in Mr. Basil Deane's Play Box, has been accepted by Sir Barry Jackson.' Well, why not? Doctor Johnson had as much passion for tea well-brewed as Mr. Chesterton has, and was not much inferior to him in girth. Other parallels suggest themselves. The prose of the eighteenth-century writer was in some respects not unlike G. K. C.'s. Take what he said about Waller: 'He doubtless praised many whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise.' Mr. Chesterton can be imagined to wish he had said that.

A TITIAN FIND

AFTER remaining for an incalculable number of years nameless and covered with grime, an apparently genuine Titian has been turned up in an antique shop in Berlin. The subject — one that Titian painted more than once — is 'Venus, Cupid, and the Organ-Player,' and, though the Venus is evidently an idealized figure, the organist has been identified as 'the youthful Philip, later Philip II of Spain, and the Cupid as one of Titian's own infant sons. Philip met Titian at Milan in 1548 and again at Augsburg two years later, and so might have sat for the likeness. The painting, after treatment, proved to be in almost perfect preservation, and the blue of the sky in the background is exceptionally intense.

✽

A CHURCH OF SAINT JOAN

WHATEVER injury M. Joseph Delteil may have done to the memory of Saint Joan in his unconventional book — and the doctors have fallen out on *that* question — will be compensated by the erection of a church in her honor on the spot near which, at the old church of Saint Denis de la Chapelle, she spent some time in prayer before her assault on Paris in 1429. It is hoped that the foundation stone will be laid next May on the Festival of Saint Joan. As everyone knows, Joan of Arc was canonized shortly after the war, and by a bull of Pius XI's made the second patron saint of France. The present church of Saint Denis de la Chapelle is not the one in which Joan worshiped, but is built on the foundation of the older building.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Three Men Discuss Relativity, by J. W. N. Sullivan. London: Collins; New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

[Bertrand Russell in the *Observer*]

THERE will presumably be no end to the popular expositions of Einstein until some easily apprehended misconception has given people the illusion that they understand him. The real meaning of Einstein is so abstract, so full of abstinence from inferences to which our animal nature is prone, that it can be intelligible only to those who have long practised asceticism in regard to the impulse of credulity. Perhaps popularity may be achieved in time by his finite universe, in which the ghosts of stars revisit their former haunts once in every thousand million years, and no one knows which of the stars we see are 'real' and which are ghosts; this view may hereafter be utilized in India to make a bridge between religion and science. But the method of tensors, which is the real essence of relativity, can hardly be made intelligible without mathematics, at any rate so long as the Newtonian tradition persists in early education.

Mr. Sullivan has quite unusual honesty as a popularizer. He never pretends that a theory is easier than it is, and he assumes a genuine intellectual interest in the reader, not a mere desire for marvels. He has chosen the dialogue form, for which there is much to be said. His characters are a mathematical physicist, a philosopher, and an ordinary intelligent person. Perhaps he somewhat overrates the intelligence of the last two: his ordinary intelligent person is as intelligent, at least, as the ordinary philosopher, and his philosopher is much more open-minded than most of that profession. His mathematical physicist is Professor Eddington. Dialogue, if it is to be preferable to straightforward exposition, should be adorned with irrelevancies, and should make the participants seem real people, not mere questioners and answerers. Mr. Sullivan does not attempt to fulfill these artistic requirements, and his characters have no superfluous characteristics: two of them desire to understand relativity, and one to expound it, but we do not learn whether they are interested in horses like Theætetus, or fond of pineapples like one of Leibnitz's characters, or in any other way ordinary mortals. And their difficulties are clear-cut, easily stated, not the vague bewilderment from which real people suffer when confronted with Einstein. Consequently the dialogue form has little advantage, as Mr. Sullivan employs it, over straightforward exposition.

Apart from this question of form, however, the substance of the book is excellent for those who have at one time known a certain amount of mathematics, and are therefore not incapable of apprehending a mathematical point of view, as opposed to the symbols in which it is expressed. There is, perhaps, a readily pardonable uncertainty as to the extent to which relativity expresses facts about the world and the part played in it by our own mental habits. The view expressed is that of Professor Eddington, who rates very low the element of objective truth in the theory, and very high the element of convention.

What has happened to mathematical physics may be illustrated by a fable. Let us suppose that for countless ages arithmetic was applied only to cowrie shells. People knew that five rows of four shells made twenty shells, but it had never occurred to them that they could make rows of apples, or nuts, or pebbles, and apply arithmetic to them. Therefore arithmetic was regarded as a branch of conchology. At last some man with an insufficient sense for the 'realities of life' ventured to suggest that arithmetic could be applied to objects of all kinds, and gave no special information about shells. This caused a sudden shrinking of the subject of conchology.

Something of the same sort has happened as regards matter: much that was thought to give information about it has turned out to be mere mathematical apparatus. It is difficult at present to disentangle the mathematical and experimental elements in relativity. Of course, a proposition in pure mathematics may be discovered as the result of experiment; probably the multiplication table was so discovered. It seems likely that the separation of what is empirical and what is merely mathematical in physics will not be effected clearly until we have arrived at more precision as to the relation of the world of mathematical physics to the world of crude perception — a subject whose foundations have been laid by Dr. Whitehead. However this may be, it will certainly be necessary to take account of all that has been urged on the subject by Professor Eddington. And the reader who fears difficult mathematics will learn as much as he can hope to learn on this matter from Mr. Sullivan's book.

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Arthur Christopher Benson As Seen by Some of His Friends. A Symposium, edited by E. H. Ryle. London: G. Bell and Sons. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

NINE of Arthur Benson's friends combine in this volume to set down some of their memories and their impressions of his personality. They view him from different angles. Dr. M. R. James's acquaintance with him began when they were boys at the same preparatory school, and ripened into friendship at Eton. Dr. Edward Lyttelton and Mr. Hugh Macnaghten were his colleagues when he returned to Eton as a master. The editor, Mr. E. H. Ryle, Sir Mark Sturgis, and the Honorable E. Cadogan were boys in his house. Stephen Gaselee, Geoffrey Madan, and Percy Lubbock knew him intimately in his later Cambridge days.

Different as are the ages and points of view of the several contributors, there is no inconsistency or blurring of outline in the composite portrait, sketched as it is with affection and yet with frankness. We see Benson as a man of much personal charm, at his best in conversation and letters; unduly sensitive and introspective; a popular house-master, full of kindness to boys, and with a genius for story-telling; prone to speak of his colleagues with that freedom of criticism which house-masters with a gift of popularity are tempted to permit themselves; somewhat too fond of cultured ease, yet exacting of himself a high standard of duty, as, for example, in the conscientiousness with which he answered all letters. The writers agree that his books of personal talk, which won such astonishing popularity, give but a pale reflection of him, revealing his limitations rather than his strength. It is significant that he refused to read Mr. Max Beerbohm's clever parody of his style lest he should lose satisfaction in his own genre. With more courage to face criticism, and to learn from it, he would surely have achieved something higher: as certainly he would have diminished his output of amiable platitudes and ceased to be a 'best seller.'

English Poems, by Edmund Blunden. London: R. Cobden Sanderson. 6*s.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

A NEW volume of poems by Mr. Edmund Blunden, now in self-imposed exile as Professor of English at Tokyo University, is welcome. It contains, as he says in his preface, most of the verses that he has written since 1921, excepting such as were related in their origins to 'the presences of war or its phantoms.' A good many also appear for the first time. Mr. Blunden says that the collection, though copious, is not the fruit of facility. He is not like Pope, lisping in numbers, for the numbers came. 'I strive for utterance,' says the author. 'If half-ideas, verges of shadows and misty brightness, thus find their way into my story, I must often acquiesce, because I know by experience how such visitants come and go, and often, however imperfectly visioned in the first place, do not return again save in low and dispirited murmurings. "The mirrors change"; the musicians march out of the village.' But the penalty for such 'acquiescence' is obscurity, and if one compares these poems with those of the author's earlier volumes, *The Shepherd* and *The Waggoner*, the principal difference to be noted is just this new quality of obscurity. Mr. Blunden can and does in some of his verses describe an English country lane as simply and freshly as Birket Foster used to paint it, but in others he seems disposed to imitate and outshine the most fantastic cubists in words. He has, for example, a country-churchyard poem in this volume that ends thus: —

> Sleep in the flux as on the breast,
> In the vortex loll;
> In mid-simoom, my innocence, rest;
> In lightning's soul
> Bower thyself! But, joyous eyes,
> The deeps drag dull —
> O morning smile and song, so lies
> Thy tiny skull?

If these lines have a meaning it entirely escapes us. How would Mr. Blunden begin to explain them to his Japanese students? He is a true poet, with a power of direct description and simple appeal, like Gray and Cowper, as a hundred lines could be quoted from this volume to prove. Let us beg him to leave obscurity to those who have not his clear eyes to see.

BOOKS MENTIONED

BONE, JAMES. *The London Perambulator.* Illustrated with drawings by Muirhead Bone. London: Jonathan Cape. 12*s.* 6*d.*

BURFORD, JAMES, and HARVEY, J. D. M. *Some Lesser Known Architecture of London.* London: Ernest Benn. 15*s.*

CHANCELLOR, E. BERESFORD. *The Pleasure Haunts of London.* London: Constable. 21*s.*

NOGALES, RAFAEL DE. *Vier Jahre unter dem Halbmond.* Berlin: Reimar Hobbing, 1925.

WAGNER, LEOPOLD. *More London Inns and Taverns.* London: Allen and Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.*

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NEW BOOKS IN FRANCE

Raboliot, by Maurice Genevoix. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1925. 9 fr.

UNTIL the time of the war, Maurice Genevoix had devoted himself to a university career, but during his service at the front he wrote five books of his experiences. This determined him to take up literature instead of scholarship as his profession. *Raboliot*, his fifth novel and winner of the 1925 Goncourt Prize, deals with the life of a peasant who makes his living by poaching game. It is a solid, well-constructed piece of work, full of vigorous description and realistic dialogue. The fact that it is essentially a regional novel might make it less interesting to an American than to a French reader, for whom the themes of love and of his own provinces seem to have an unending fascination. But no one can fail to see that it is strikingly true to life.

L'Honorable partie de campagne, by Thomas Raucat. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1925. 7 fr. 50 c.

THE scene opens on board a hydroplane at a Japanese Exposition near Tokyo. A Swiss gentleman picks up two girls and asks one of them to spend a day with him in the country. Both accept, and the rest of the book is a detailed and humorous account of their expedition, on which several uninvited figures intrude. The story is told in successive installments by one character after another, and by the time the reader has finished he has each character's version of some amusing episode. M. Raucat superficially resembles Paul Morand in his cosmopolitanism and his love of the exotic, but his style is more painstaking, his method more thorough and less bizarre. In its queer mingling of truth and fancy, its grotesque blending of Eastern and Western psychology, *L'Honorable partie de campagne* is a truly unique and amazing performance — especially for a first novel.

La Fin d'un monde, by Claude Anet. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1925. 9 fr.

M. CLAUDE ANET'S earlier works include such titles as *Notes sur l'amour*, *L'Amour en Russie*, *La Révolution Russe de mars* 1917 *à juin* 1918. In his new book he turns his back on themes amorous and Slavic and plunges into the cave-man period, which his creative skill and scholarship succeed in bringing to life. Nearly every page is decorated with an authentic picture from the walls of those recently excavated caves in Southern France where the action of the book takes place. The slight plot and the few primitive characters are entirely subordinate to the accounts of the various activities of the tribe — its religious ceremonies, its hunting, its social life. M. Anet has consulted expert anthropologists and psychologists, including Freud himself. He has been through the caves with the greatest living authority on that region. All this information has been worked into a book of peculiar interest and genuine literary distinction.

Jacob, by Bernard Lecache. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1925. 9 fr.

THIS is a promising first novel by a youthful author. The first half of the book shows us a Jewish family exiled in Paris. At times it reminds one of Dostoevskii, — the family is of Russian origin, — and the precocious young Jacob is sketched with fidelity and affection. The second half, covering the hero's years of adolescence during the World War, is not so good; indeed, many a more seasoned writer would find it difficult to combine these two motifs in a single book. The style of *Jacob* is nervous and highly colored, but the whole performance is executed with such genuine talent that we suspect that here may be a new reputation in the making.

Paulina 1880, by Pierre Jean Jouve. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1925. 9 fr.

PAULINA was a mystic, and like most mystics she was at war with herself. Her voluptuous surroundings in Italy encouraged love's young dream; yet her religious yearnings would never subside. In trying to reconcile these two forces, Paulina becomes an amazingly human figure, whose ill-starred passions are vividly communicated to the reader. The book nearly won the Goncourt Prize, and most Americans would be likely to find it more interesting than *Raboliot*. We suspect that the judges thought that it ran a little too much to the overwrought intense and psychological vein that has become almost conventional in modern fiction.

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WORLD-MOVING ISSUES *and the* HUMAN HEART

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND was condemned to death by the Boers for his part in the Jameson Raid. John W. Thomason, Jr., went through the hades of the World War on which the Jameson Raid had much effect.

* * *

"The Jameson Raid and the World War" by Mr. Hammond brings to light for the first time the reason for the prematureness of the Raid. He sheds new light on the episode of the telegram from the Kaiser to President Kruger, for which the Kaiser had to apologize to Queen Victoria.

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Will Rose deliberately chose to be a small-town editor because he believes in the small community. "The Small Town Newspaper Divorces Its Party" is the first of a series of sketches by this vigorous young editor.

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Then, a look at new history — "Solving the Riddle of a Lost Race" by Harold H. Bender.

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"Some Episodes in the American Art Season" is Royal Cortissoz's entertaining topic.

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Two unusual stories — "Gladys Marley" by Clarke Knowlton and "The Other Road" by E. L. Strater. These and "The Silver Spoon" by John Galsworthy, which promises to be the book of the year, make a brilliant fiction array.

* * *

Privately, knowing what we do about the coming numbers of Scribner's, we advise you to join our rapidly widening circle of readers.

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